

# The TATTLER



JUNE 18, 1958

& BYSTANDER — (2/-)







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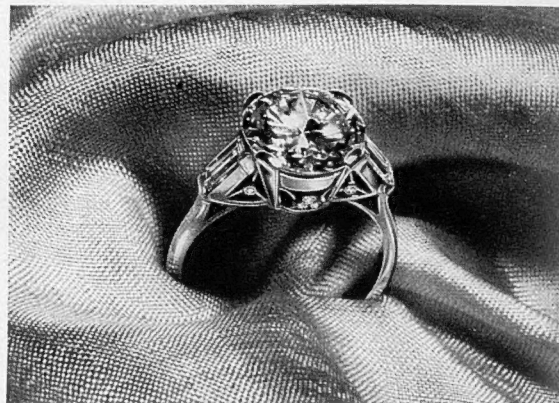
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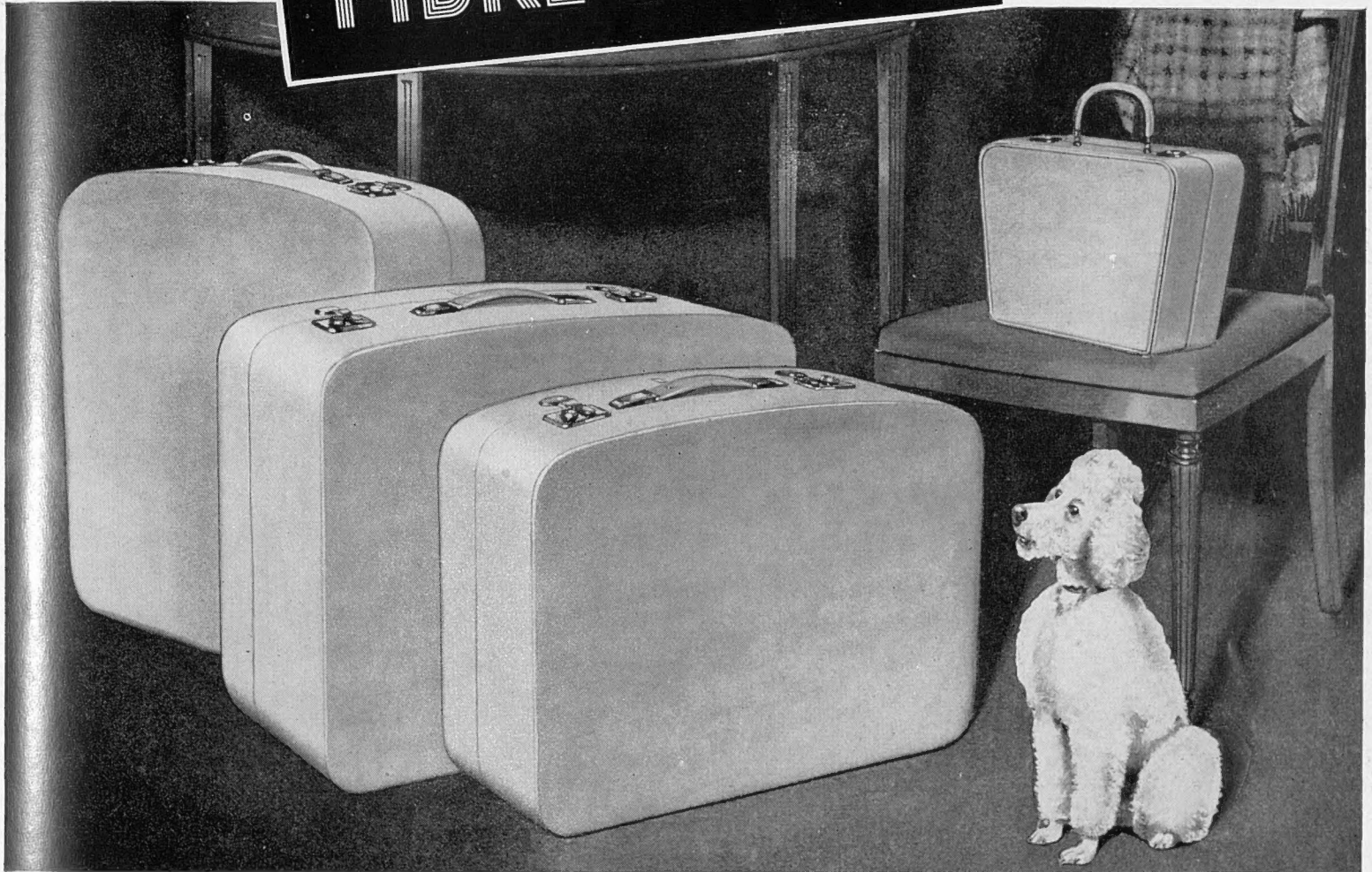
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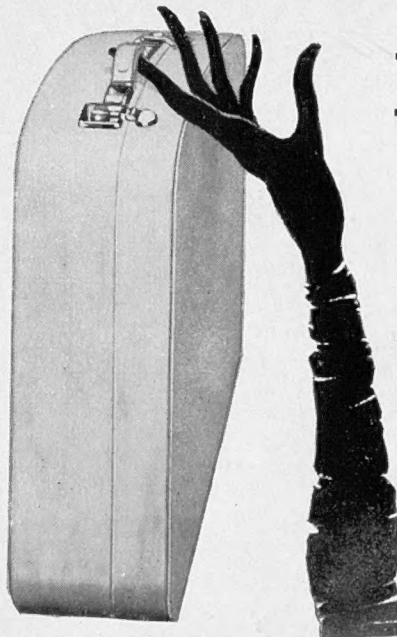
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# The high season



ASCOT WEEK this year is sure of one outstanding topic besides the fashion and the racing: the Ascot scene in *My Fair Lady*, visually the most striking in the show. All the women are dressed (by Cecil Beaton, who also took this picture) in black and white—except Julie Andrews. She wears the contrasting mauve outfit shown here. An article on Ascot, its magic and its madness, is on page 618

## D I A R Y of the week

FROM 19 JUNE TO 25 JUNE

### THURSDAY 19 JUNE

**Royal Ascot:** Gold Cup day.  
**Royal Engagement:** The Duke & Duchess of Gloucester will attend the Scots Guards Ball, Victoria Barracks, Windsor.  
**Concert:** Mozart-Haydn concert by the London Mozart Players, Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.  
**Crickets:** 2nd Test Match, England v. New Zealand, at Lord's (to 24th).  
**Polo:** Semi-finals, Smith's Lawn Cup and Friar Park Cup, at Windsor.

### FRIDAY 20 JUNE

**Royal Ascot:** Last day (Wokingham Stakes).  
**Speech Day:** Harrow School Speech Day.

### SATURDAY 21 JUNE

**Displays:** Last day of Royal Tournament, Earls Court. International

As the season approaches its climax the glittering events crowd the calendar. In this issue *The TATLER* publishes articles on Ascot (page 618) and Wimbledon (page 622), and pictures of the Covent Garden Royal Gala and Eton's Fourth of June

**Air Pageant:** Sydenham Airport, Belfast.

**Folk Dancing:** English Folk Dance and Song Society summer festival, Gorhambury, St. Albans.

**Polo:** Finals, Smith's Lawn Cup, Oxford v. Cambridge, and Friar Park Cup, at Windsor.

**Racing:** Ascot Heath, Hamilton Park, Worcester, Redcar.

### SUNDAY 22 JUNE

**Royal Engagement:** The Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip, will take the salute at the Territorial Army Jubilee Review in Hyde Park.  
**Polo:** First rounds, Benson Cup, at Cowdray Park, Sussex. Final, Royal Windsor Cup, at Windsor.  
**Lawn Tennis:** Reception of overseas Wimbledon players, and exhibition matches at Hurlingham.

### MONDAY 23 JUNE

**Royal Engagement:** Prince Philip will lunch with the Fishmongers' Company after attending their Election Court and Service, at Fishmongers' Hall.

**Lawn Tennis:** The All-England Championships open at Wimbledon (to July 5).

**Golf:** Ladies' British Open Amateur Championship, Hunstanton (to 26th).

**Racing:** Redcar, Birmingham, Folkestone.

### TUESDAY 24 JUNE

**Royal Engagement:** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend the Diamond Jubilee Thanksgiving Service of the R.A.M.C., in Westminster Abbey.

**Ceremony:** Election of Sheriffs of the City of London, at Guildhall.

**Agriculture:** Tunbridge Wells & S.E. Counties Show (and 25th).

**Concert:** Yehudi Menuhin (violin) and Hephzibah Menuhin (piano) at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

**Opera:** Bizet's *Carmen* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, 7.30 p.m.

**Racing:** Birmingham, Folkestone.

### WEDNESDAY 25 JUNE

**Royal Engagement:** Prince Philip will preside at the Automobile Association annual meeting, and subsequent Press luncheon at the Savoy.

**Agriculture:** Royal Norfolk Show, Costessey, Norwich (and 26th).

**Racing:** Catterick Bridge, Newbury.

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# The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CC XVIII. No. 2971

18 June 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Van Hallan

## PERSONALITY

### Racehorse owner

MADAME SUZY VOLTERRA is one of the few women (others include the Queen and Lady Zia Wernher) who are leading racehorse-owners. This year she hoped to repeat her 1955 Derby success (when Phil Drake won at 100-8) and this photograph was taken in her suite at the Savoy shortly before she set off for Epsom. But her Noelor II (the favourite at one stage) came in eighth.

Before her marriage to the late M. Leon Volterra (owner of several Paris theatres) Madame Volterra was a dancer at the Opera. It was her husband's lifelong ambition to win the Derby and in 1949, as he lay dying, he was told he had achieved it, though in fact his horse, Amour Drake, had been narrowly beaten.

Madame Volterra has kept up her husband's racing interests. Two years ago she won the Oaks with Sicarelle, and she has had many successes with her horses in France. Her racing colours are white, red hoops, white sleeves and cap.

A regular visitor to Royal Ascot, Madame Volterra put off deciding, when she flew back to France after her Derby disappointment, whether to return for this week's meeting. She had three horses provisionally entered.

Madame Volterra is always one of the most elegant women at race meetings. When this photograph was taken, she was wearing a pink-and-white candy-striped wool suit by Balmain, with a pleated blouse of pink linen and a hat of pink shantung.





#### Lamont—Wilkins

Miss Audrey Wilkins, youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. G. Wilkins, of Chilmark, Salisbury, Wilts, married Mr. Andrew Lamont, elder son of Canon & Mrs. C. Lamont, the Rectory, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs, at St. Margaret's Church, Chilmark



#### Wilson—Wylie

Miss Margaret R. M. Wylie, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Wylie, Carlton, nr. Newmarket, married Mr. Cecil Trevor M. Wilson, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. C. Wilson, Cultra, Northern Ireland, at Carlton Church



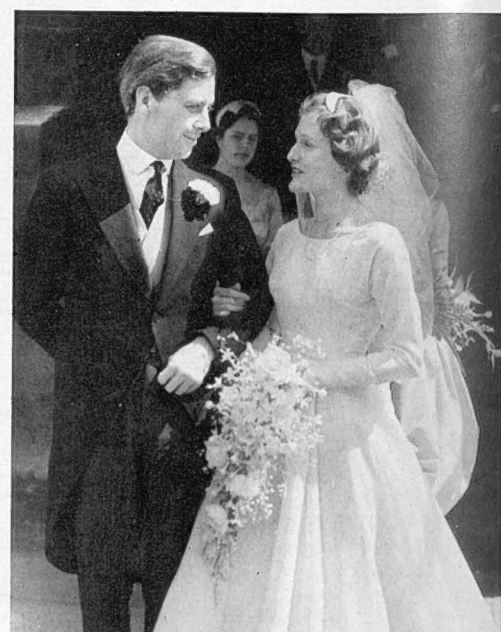
#### Connolly—Widdowson

Miss Jane Widdowson, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. Widdowson, Armadale, Mapperley Park, Nottingham, married Mr. Gerald J. Connolly, only son of Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Connolly, Longdown Lodge, Sandhurst, at St. Jude's Church, Nottingham



#### Ingleby—Slack

Miss Mary Willatt Slack, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. M. Slack, Gorsehill, North Ferriby, East Yorkshire, married Mr. Adrian Winkley Ingleby, son of Major & Mrs. C. J. Ingleby, Drewton Cottage, Muston, Filey, at All Saints' Church, North Ferriby



#### Gaynor—Martin

Miss Jane C. Martin, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. P. M. P. Martin, Beam, Torrington, married Mr. John M. Gaynor, youngest son of Dr. & Mrs. G. C. Gaynor, St. Mary's, Wymondham, Norfolk, at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, London



## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# Brilliant days at Epsom

by JENNIFER

DERBY day at Epsom was as brilliant as ever. The sun shone after an overcast morning and the Queen, wearing a deep apricot-coloured coat over a patterned silk dress, and little hat match, was present to see her horse Miner's Lamp run in the classic. Before the race the Queen came out to see the horses in the paddock accompanied by Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal (all three ladies in varying shades of light blue) and the Duke of Gloucester. With the Royal party were the Earl of Rosebery who walked beside the Queen into the paddock, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and the Earl of Derby, who were all stewards at the meeting. Also the Queen's manager Mr. Charles Moore and her trainer Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort who joined the party after he had saddled his two runners, Miner's Lamp and Bald Eagle owned by American Mr. H. F.uggenheim who had flown over with his wife to see his horse run.

Other owners I noticed in the paddock were Baron Geoffrey de Waldner and his chic wife who had come over from Paris to see their horse Wallaby II which started favourite, and Mme. Leon Colterra also over from France with her trainer M. F. Mathet watching her much-fancied Noel II. Lord Howard de Walden, who had emerged in the race, was accompanied into the paddock by Lady Howard de Walden, wearing a smart apricot turban with a short blue coat over her dress, and their eldest daughter the Hon. Mrs. Joseph Czernin; Mr. & Mrs. Arpad Plesch were also there to see Agami which finished third. The winner, Sir Victor Sassoon's Hard Ridden, gave his jockey Charlie Smirke his fourth Derby success. Hard Ridden was trained in Ireland by Mr. J. M. (Mick) Rogers, son of the well-known and successful trainer Capt. Darby Rogers, who like his father before him also trains in Ireland. This was Sir Victor Sassoon's third Derby success in six years, this time with a horse he paid less than £300 for at Ballsbridge sales! The second, Mr. F. Shane's Paddy's Point which started at 100-1, was also trained in Ireland, by Mr. G. W. Robinson.

## Five Premiers go racing

Among the big crowd of racegoers were the Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan (the latter wearing a neat emerald green hat with a black silk suit), who were talking to Lord & Lady Weeks when I saw them, and the four Premiers of Canada's Atlantic Provinces, who have been on an official visit to Europe. Several members of the Nigerian delegation, who are visiting this country on a mission, were lunching in the Members' luncheon room, picturesque in their national costume, and members of a Burmese delegation also came to see the big race.

In the paddock, besides those I have already mentioned, I noticed the Marquess Townshend and the Marchioness, who looked outstandingly chic in navy blue with a little white hat, the Duchess of Newcastle, Commander & Mrs. Allan Noble, Col. Tony Murray Smith and Col. James Hanbury. Col. Hanbury told me that his wife, one of the prettiest of the young marrieds, is in London making a steady recovery from her bad fall in a point-to-point at the end of the hunting season. Others who saw the Derby were Major & Mrs. Victor McCalmont, Lord & Lady



A. V. Swaebø

## A début at the Dorchester

A little pond and fountain surrounded by deep pink hydrangeas was installed at one end of the mirror-walled ballroom of the Dorchester, where tables and chairs had been arranged beside the dance floor for the coming-out ball Lady Rosemary Rubens gave for her attractive débutante daughter Miss Davina Nutting (above). Miss Nutting wore a peacock-blue satin dress. This was a gay and happy party which quickly got going. There was a cabaret by Hutch—who, many of the parents present remarked, was giving cabarets when they came out! It was so nice to see Davina's grandparents Sir Harold & Lady Nutting at the ball (her father, their second son, the late Capt.

Edward Nutting was killed in the war), also her great uncle and trustee the Duke of Beaufort with the duchess.

Among the young people enjoying this lovely and not-too-big party were Miss Susanna Crawley, pretty in a flowered dress, Miss Philippa Drummond, Miss Raymonde Steinberg in a white tulle dress, Lady Teresa Onslow, Miss Sally Croker-Poole pretty in cream satin, Miss Christine Pretymann, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, Miss Penelope Graham, Miss Fiona MacCarthy, Miss Elizabeth Hyde Parker and Miss Sonia Borel who looked enchanting in white tulle with touches of black lace. Also the Hon. Richard Beaumont, Mr. Ian McCorquodale and Lord Dundas.



## A COMING-OUT FOR FOUR

At her charming house at Elstead Mrs. James Chettle jointly gave a dance with her sister Mrs. "Buster" Andrews and Mrs. Duncan Kirk for their débutante daughters Miss Dawn Chettle, Miss Maxine Hodson and Miss Diane Kirk, and for Mrs. Andrews's débutante step-daughter Miss Yvette Andrews. The four young girls made a picturesque quartet as they stood receiving the guests with the joint hostesses. Yvette was in blue, Maxine in cherry-pink and white, Dawn in gold-and-cream brocade and Diane in a cream satin dress. A large marquee lined with yellow and white and large vases of summer flowers around the sides, was built out over the garden for dancing and supper, which included delicious mushroom dishes (from home-grown mushrooms) and strawberries and cream.

At this dance, which went on until dawn, I saw the Duke & Duchess of Bedford, Brig. & Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who live nearby and had a house-party for the dance, Mrs. Constance Critchley, who brought a party of 14 down from London, Mrs. Durant, Mrs. Struan Robertson and Mrs. Gordon Wolsey. Among the many young people dancing happily I saw Mr. Brian Sweeny, Miss Diana Hall, Mr. Seton Wills, Miss Jennifer Burness, Miss Julia Stratford and Mr. Michael and Mr. Anthony Wigram.

Photographs by A. V. Swaabe



Mr. Alan Traill and Miss Carolyn Skyrme. She is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Skyrme



The Hon. Camilla Jessel, with Mr. Lori Cartagenova. He comes from Turin



Mr. Paul Lipscomb, an accountant in the City, and Miss Davan Adams.

Miss Elizabeth Des Voeux, Mr. Miles Eastwood and Miss Jennifer Mann from Quebec. Miss Des Voeux and Miss Mann have just returned from Swiss finishing schools

Miss Joan Lawton, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Kirk Lawton, Mr. Christian Lorie, and Mlle. Eliane de Miramon, daughter of the Marquise de Miramon



Manton, Lady Rotherwick, the Countess of Rosebery, her daughter-in-law Lady Primrose, Sir Malcolm & Lady McAlpine who had a big family party and friends with them in their box, Mr. & Mrs. George Gibson, their son Major David Gibson and daughter Mrs. Homfray, the Hon. James & the Hon. Mrs. Philipps and their daughter Daphne, the Hon. John & Mrs. Coventry, the Hon. Anthony & Mrs. Samuel, the latter attractive in navy blue (they had a house party for the meeting), Mr. & Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Graham Bailey, Mr. & Mrs. Derek Mullins, Mr. Dick Wilkins, Viscount & Viscountess Allendale and his mother, Violet, Viscountess Allendale, the Hon. Victor & Mrs. Agar-Robartes and Lord & Lady Irwin who had a house party at the Durdans.

### Parties before the big race

Many friends racing that day were enthusiastic about two exceptionally good Derby Eve parties. The first was a cocktail party given by Mr. & Mrs. Jack Thursby at their flat in Grosvenor Square, and later that evening Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke (who celebrate their silver wedding this year) gave a small dance in their Gilbert Street house. Both gatherings were the greatest fun. The hosts and hostesses are admirable party-givers, and in each case everyone knew everyone else, so things went with a tremendous swing from the start.

At the Thursbys' party I saw the Duke & Duchess of Roxburghe, the Countess of Sefton, the Earl & Countess of Dunraven, Capt. & Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the Earl of Carnarvon, his son Lord Porchester and his very pretty wife, Mr. & Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Mrs. Murray Graham, Mr. Rudolph de Trafford talking to Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis, Mrs. John Dewar, Princess Dmitri of Russia, the Earl & Countess of Durham, Sir Simon & Lady Marks who have a flat above the Thursbys', Mr. Bernard & Lady Margaret Van Cutsem, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Teddy Underdown, whose wife is away with the Hon. Max & Mrs. Aitken (he is racing their yacht Drumbeat in the big Bermuda race), the Hon. William & Mrs. McGowan, Mr. & Mrs. Francis Williams of Penair, Mr. & Mrs. Charlie Mills, Mr. & Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Mrs. Jean Garland, Mr. Jocelyn Hambro, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Thursby, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Beckwith Smith, Lord George Cholmondeley whom everyone was delighted to see about again, Lady George Cholmondeley, Lord Ashcombe and Capt. & Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham.

At Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke's party, where there was

an excellent band to dance to, I saw many of those I have already mentioned at the Thursbys'. Others included the French owners Mme. Leon Volterra and Baron & Baroness Geoffrey de Waldner, the Baroness chic in a shocking pink chiffon dress, the Duke & Duchess of Devonshire who were dancing together, the lovely Duchess of Northumberland and the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl & Countess of Derby, the Countess in a short white satin dress, the Maharajah & Maharanees of Jaipur, her brother the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, Mr. Duncan Sandys dancing with the Duchess of Argyll who looked lovely in grey chiffon, the Duque de Prima de Rivera partnering Miss Edana Romney, Viscountess Lambton in red, and Lady Petre in blue.

Prince & Princess Frederick of Prussia were there, also Mr. & Mrs. Arpad Plesch, Earl Beatty, Capt. & Mrs. Charles Tremayne, who had also been at the Thursbys', Lord & Lady Balfour of Inchrye, Mr. Harald & Dame Felicity Peake, the Earl of Dudley, Earl & Countess Fitzwilliam, the Hon. Eddie & the Hon. Mrs. Ward, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Laycock, and Brig. & Mrs. Willy Wyatt and her brother Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H.

I also saw Sir Eric Miéville, Major & Mrs. Jimmy Dance, Major Philip Profumo, Mr. & Mrs. Charlie Mills, Sir John & Lady Musker, the Hon. Neville Berry, who came on late from watching a boxing match (his attractive wife gave a dinner party for the dance), Mr. & Mrs. "Weary" Liddel, Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall and his pretty wife who was in a short pink satin dress, Mr. Jeremy Tree, Mme. Manuel Bianchi, Viscountess Lewisham, Mr. Harry Middleton, Lord Belper, Mr. & Mrs. Gribble and the earlier host and hostess Mr. & Mrs. Jack Thursby.

### Sir Victor Sassoon celebrates

On Derby night there were numerous parties, including a small one given by Sir Victor Sassoon at the Savoy to celebrate his third victory in the race, and one at the Dorchester given by Mr. & Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall in honour of Mr. & Mrs. Gene Markey who recently won the Kentucky Derby with Tim-Tam, which I saw win the Flamingo Stakes on the Hialeah racecourse at Miami in March.

On the Thursday of Derby week Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., gave a cocktail party for about 200 friends in the Oliver Messel Penthouse suite of the Dorchester, where, as it was a fine evening, guests were able to walk out on the terrace which has a unique view over London.





Mr. Duncan Kirk, Miss Yvette Andrews, daughter of Mr. E. D. Andrews and his first wife (now Mrs. Yoma Zacharis), Mrs. E. D.

Andrews, Miss Dawn Chettle, Mrs. James Chettle, Miss Diane Kirk, Miss Maxine Hodson (seated), daughter of Mrs. E. D. Andrews

Many friends met again next day at Epsom where they saw the French filly Bella Paola (winner of the 1,000 Guineas), owned by M. François Dupre, run away with the Oaks. Mr. Emile Littler's Mother Goose was second and Mr. Dick Hollingsworth's filly Cutter, bred at his stud, third. As on Derby day there was a big crowd. The Queen and several members of the Royal Family were again present. The women had all come out in their summer clothes—some were extraordinary! The Duchess of Norfolk looked nice in a green silk dress, Mrs. Herbert Holt, accompanied by her husband, was chic in Balenciaga's simple and beautifully cut lemon coloured dress with big black polka dots and a neat black hat, Vera Lady Broughton, whom I met having a drink with the Duke of Northumberland, was another well turned out in a navy blue and white check silk suit, and the Marchioness of Abergavenny looked charming in a neat black dress and little red hat (she was accompanied by the Marquess of Abergavenny and their débutante daughter Lady Vivienne Nevill).

I met Mr. & Mrs. Evans-Bevan, both proud of their first grandchild, their daughter Lady Leslie's infant son and heir. Also race-going were Mrs. Riley Smith who had a runner at the meeting, and her daughter Dominie, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Cdr. & the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn, Mr. & Mrs. Tom Blackwell, Mr. & Mrs. Eric Rylands, Mr. & Mrs. Edward Hughes Gibbs, and Mr. & Mrs. Bill Clegg, wonderfully fit after a holiday in Spain, and looking forward to a busy summer at the Pitt House Club at Bembridge.

### An inter-Service wedding

The Bishop of Portsmouth, assisted by two other clergy, officiated at the St. Peter's, Eaton Square, wedding of Mr. Timothy Holcroft, 11th Hussars, and Miss Joanna Bonham-Carter. The bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. John Holcroft & Mrs. Holcroft, and his bride, who was given away by her father, is the daughter of Admiral Sir Stuart & Lady Bonham-Carter. She wore a dress of white satin with a full skirt falling into a train, and her long tulle veil was held in place by sprays of white roses each side of her head. Two pages, Dorian Haskard and Alistair Troughton in white silk shirts and long crimson trousers, attended her, also two child bridesmaids, Victoria Haskard and Harriet Holt and one older bridesmaid her cousin Miss Suzanne Phillips. They wore long full-skirted white organza dresses with crimson sashes and head-dresses of deep red roses which matched their bouquets.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was at the ceremony and afterwards at the reception which the bride's parents gave at the Hyde Park Hotel. Here I met the bridegroom's mother Mrs. Holcroft, looking charming in beige, helping to receive the guests with the bride's parents. His sister Mrs. Mark Cory-Wright and her husband were present, also Lady Cory-Wright, Lady Ingleby Mackenzie, Mrs. de Pass, Mr. & Mrs. David Butler home on a visit from S. Rhodesia and her parents Col. & Mrs. Campbell Macrae. Also Mrs. Gerald Pinekney, Sir Reginald & Lady Holcroft and their pretty daughter Miss Virginia Holcroft, Mrs. Bailey, her son Mr. Ian Bailey and his wife and her daughters, Mrs. Hans Barnard Hankey, chic in navy blue with touches of white, and Mrs. Reginald Duthy with her husband.

As both families live in Hampshire many friends from that county



Mr. Timothy G. C. Holcroft, 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), and Miss Joanna Bonham-Carter had a guard of honour from his regiment when they were married at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square. Jennifer writes about the wedding this week



were at the wedding. Among them I met Lord & Lady Chesham, Sir Hugh & Lady Smiley, Mr. & Mrs. Tom Barty King, Mrs. Dickie Black, Miss Jean Harrap, Sir Guy & Lady Salisbury-Jones, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Gold and her daughter Charmiane, Mrs. Cooke and her daughter Mrs. Ray Salter and Major & Mrs. Peter Wiggin and their son Mr. George Wiggin with his fiancée Miss Jennifer Akers-Douglas. They are getting married at the end of this month.

### Dancing under a cedar tree

The Hon. Clive & Mrs. Pearson gave much pleasure to a large number of friends, young and old alike, by giving their granddaughter Miss Miranda Smiley's coming-out ball at their historical and beautiful home Parham Park in Sussex. Parham is one of the finest Elizabethan houses in the country, with superb panelling and ceilings, many of the original furnishings and priceless pictures, all perfectly lit, adorning the walls. It is now open to the public, and is kept up in perfect condition inside and out.

As guests approached the floodlit house they saw the silhouettes of the deer in the park. Floodlighting was again cleverly used in the garden, where a small outdoor dance floor was arranged near the swimming pool under a fine cedar tree. Here the young guests danced to gipsy music provided by musicians in picturesque satin costumes. In the house a long buffet ran the whole length of the magnificent banqueting hall which was also used for sitting out, as were the adjoining reception rooms and panelled library. A marquee was built on to one side of the house as a ballroom for the evening, and supper was served in the panelled dining-room. Bridge tables and a chessboard were laid out for some of the older guests in a state bedroom where the four-poster used by Queen Elizabeth I stands.

Miranda, a charming natural girl, looked extremely pretty in a full-skirted dress of palest yellow satin designed by Angele Delange, as she stood beside her attractive mother Mrs. Michael Smiley (in a dress of blue faille), to receive the guests. Her father Major Smiley was there to help entertain their friends, and her grandparents, who quietly gave everyone a charming welcome, also her uncle and aunts, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Tritton, the latter wearing a lovely ruby and diamond necklace with her deep blue dress, Major & Mrs. Patrick Gibson, and Major & Mrs. "Potter" Miller Munday. Although the great majority of guests were young people, a few older friends were present. Among these I met the Duke & Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess attractive in red. They brought their two elder daughters Lady Anne and Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard and a big party of young guests from Arundel Castle. Viscount & Viscountess Cowdray brought his débutante daughter the Hon. Teresa Pearson and a party, and his nephew the Duke of Atholl came in Mrs. Jeremy Smith's party. Mr. & Mrs. Roger Hall had a house party at West Grinstead for the dance as did Sir Walter & Lady Burrell, Mr. & Mrs. Joe Spencer who live near Plumpton, Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson, Mr. & Mrs. John Wyndham at their lovely home Petworth, Mr. & Mrs. Adrian Gore, Lord & Lady McCorquodale and Brig. & Mrs. Victor Balfour, whose friends are all so delighted to have them back in this country after some years abroad soldiering.

### These were there

The large number of young friends enjoying this dance (which many described to me afterwards as one of the best of the season) included Capt. & Mrs. Trevor Dawson, Lady Caroline Townshend, pretty in dark blue with touches of white, Mr. Colin Malcolmson, Miss Diana Wood, whose mother Mrs. Charles Wood gave a dinner party for the dance, Capt. John Smiley who came in the party from Goodwood, and Miss Sally Hall in a pretty green satin dress, with her sister Miss Diana Hall. They were dancing with Mr. John Warburton and Mr. Charles Acland who has inherited the family interest in sailing. Also there were Miss Mary Anne Hare and her brother John, Miss Alexandra Versen, Viscount Glentworth, Miss Jennifer Harrap dancing with Mr. Malcolm Innes, Miss Ann Napier pretty in a pale blue and white striped organza dress, the Hon. Anthony Montagu, Miss Caroline Villiers, Mr. Roddy Petley who is in the 60th, Miss Maxine Scott dancing with Mr. David Edwards, son of Admiral Sir Ralph & Lady Edwards, Mr. John Napier, Mr. Julian Benson dancing with Miss Elizabeth Luard, Miss Georgina Milner attractive in a gauged flame chiffon dress, Miss Susan Wills, Mr. Roger Gibbs, Miss Christine Fairfax Ross, Mr. Ian Gilroy, Miss Gay Tregoning, Miss Gay Foster, Mr. Tommy Hustler, Miss Penelope Riches, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, Miss Susan Casey, and Miss Melanie Lowson.



Dorothy Wilding

**FOUNDER** American-born Mrs. Michael Lewis, on the committee of next week's British-American Ball, is one of 80 former students in Britain from Wellesley, the American college for women. They are meeting later this month to form a club. Mrs. Lewis is married to the chairman of E. V. Industrials Ltd., Mr. Michael Lewis, and they have four daughters

**AUTHOR** Greek-born Lady Aylwen (*below*) has written a play, *The Deb Of The Year*, to be presented at London's Scala Theatre next Tuesday in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. The cast includes herself, the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Charles MacArthur Hardy (who wrote *The Lights Were Amber*) and several débutantes. Lady Aylwen is the wife of Sir George Aylwen, Bt., a former Lord Mayor of London



Van Hallen





## NEWS PORTRAITS



Kurt Hutton

### THE VIRTUOSO AND THE COMPOSER

YEHUDI MENUHIN AND BENJAMIN BRITTEN photographed in the composer's home at Aldeburgh. They are practising the Mozart sonata in A major, which they will play next Sunday in Framlingham Church as part of the last day's programme at the Aldeburgh Festival of Music & the Arts. The festival was founded by Benjamin Britten in 1948, and has been held every year since. This year it includes a new opera, *Tiresias*, by Francis Poulenc, which is being performed for the first time in England. Britten has also set to music an old miracle play *Noah's Flood* (*Noah's Flood*), in which the cast consists mainly of children. There is also an exhibition of the works of Edward Lear





In the 1890s.—The Prince & Princess of Wales drive down the Ascot course in procession. Their carriage is of the same type as the one still used

# ASCOT

Queen Anne started something when she went for a drive across Ascot Heath...

by  
MARY  
NICHOLSON

WHEN Professor Higgins took his Eliza to Ascot to launch her in society, Ascot Week had long been the outstanding social gathering of the season. Indeed it clicked almost as soon as Queen Anne founded the racecourse after a drive across Ascot Heath. She decided that this was a perfect natural site. The first meeting was held that same year (1711), and Queen Anne gave a 100-guinea prize. Since then the racing has become more and more valuable every year. The greatest draw is the Gold Cup, first awarded in 1807.\*

But there is much more to Ascot than the racing. Ascot is *royal*. And though a mob may follow the Royal Family wherever they go, or Sabrina may gatecrash the Royal Enclosure in staggering décolleté, there is always a feeling that the meeting has been arranged so that the Queen can bring her guests over for an afternoon's racing on her own course—and that everybody else is in a sense her guest and should behave like it.

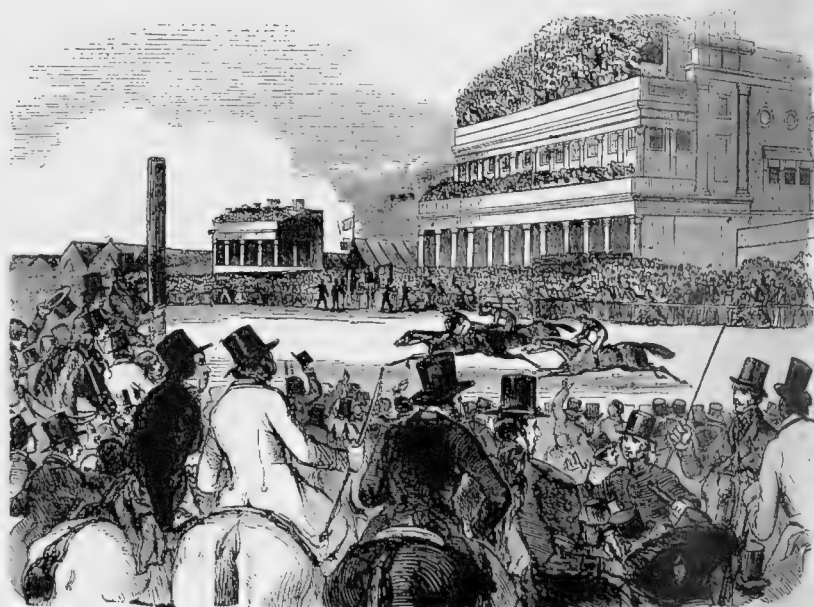
This feeling must have been behind the famous "Black Ascot" in 1910, the year of King Edward VII's death. In those days not only the Court but all those near enough to it to be admitted to the Royal Enclosure wore mourning for several weeks after the death of the Sovereign. They did not seem to think it unsuitable to go to the races while mourning—perhaps they felt Edward VII would have wanted them to enjoy his favourite meeting.

It was this 1910 meeting that inspired Beaton to design the memorable black-and-white Ascot of *My Fair Lady*. This, of course, is considerably lighter than the original; almost every costume then was completely black.

Not that this daunted the gossip-writers of the day. One of them, in a daily paper, started: "One was able to realize what a great variety there can be in black costumes." She then went on for a column and a half describing just how this was achieved—

many were wearing "the fashionable tube skirt."

Though public full mourning ended on the last day of the meeting, "all those in the Royal Enclosure were expected to attend in unrelieved black" and did so; "the singularly funereal aspect was unrelieved except by the emerald green of the grass and the pink roses which clustered round the Royal Pavilion." A little grey, lavender and white was seen in the paddock, but eyebrows were raised and it was considered



Artist at the post.—100 years ago, when this scene was drawn, artists were still unsure how a horse looked at full gallop

\* The King George VI & Queen Elizabeth Stakes, introduced in Festival of Britain year (1951) and worth £20,000 to the winner, is run, not at Royal Ascot, but at the Ascot Heath meeting in July





In the 1950s.—At last year's meeting Prince Philip startled society by wearing a black hat on the first day. But next day, as shown here, he was back in the traditional grey

ie wearers were probably foreign ladies. The great moment every day of the Ascot meeting—the moment that causes all the traffic jams as people hurry to get there in time—is of course when the Royal Family and their house-party from Windsor Castle drive down the course in procession. This procession was started by George IV, but his procession did not go through the Golden Gates; these were not erected till 1878. The procession can be watched from the Heath and is as much of a treat for those who are getting a free day's sport as for those in the enclosure.

Two years ago the procession was endangered when the first day of the meeting and the Royal opening of Parliament (after the General Election) were arranged to coincide. The Royal Family could have got from London to Ascot in time, but the Windsor Greys couldn't. The situation was saved; not only was the opening of Parliament brought forward, but owing to the railway strike Royal Ascot was postponed for a month. So, when July came, the Windsor Greys were back at Windsor, ready to draw the carriages down the course.

In the present reign, many improvements have been made. The course has been altered, so that the view from the stands and the lawns (which have been enlarged) is better. An amenity undreamt-of by earlier racegoers is the *crèche*, provided with toys and presided over by a nurse, where children can be left at the beginning of the day and collected—against a receipt—at the end.

The much-debated ban on divorced people entering the Royal Enclosure was lifted in 1955. This also dated from the time when those using the Enclosure were all people who moved in Court circles, and nobody divorced could be received at Court. With the spread of divorce, and the Sovereign meeting divorced and remarried people continually both privately and officially, it became an impossible restriction to keep up.

So the Queen's Lawn has come into being for Her Majesty's house party and invited friends, while anyone who applies for the Royal Enclosure in time and is sponsored by a previous holder of tickets can get in.

A sadder change, for aesthetic reasons, is the decrease in the number of men who can get away for the meeting. Many women come alone or in small groups; you see one young officer on leave escorting a flock of débutantes. However elegant the hats and dresses, what makes the scene live up to its reputation is impeccably turned-out men.

Though there is a slight slackening in formality, possibly because so many people go on to watch polo at Windsor after the races, nothing is allowed to excuse a man (except serving officers, who seldom take advantage of their privilege) from the full glory of morning dress. A slight shudder ran through the crowd when Prince Philip

appeared on the first day last year in a black top hat—not a shudder of affront, but of fear that the fashion had changed and nobody was in the know. Fortunately, he was back in a grey one next day before many people had rushed back to the dress hire firms and demanded black toppers.

These firms say it is surprising how many business men *do* manage to get away for Ascot week. Some, probably invited to join a house party, lay plans well in advance for a week's holiday. Others, if the morning is fine, take the afternoon off on the spur of the moment and rush in for the right clothes.

"It's the racing that draws them," said a representative of one firm—and this is a fact that is often overlooked in all the ballyhoo that surrounds Ascot. The best horses come to compete for the famous and lucrative prizes. Conditions for racing, as foreseen by Queen Anne, are still superb.



Camera at the post.—In the 1957 Royal Hunt Cup Lady Zia Wernher's Retrial comes in to win from Midget II





Mr. & Mrs. Robin Baring



Miss Anne Tilney and Miss Lucilla Dilke



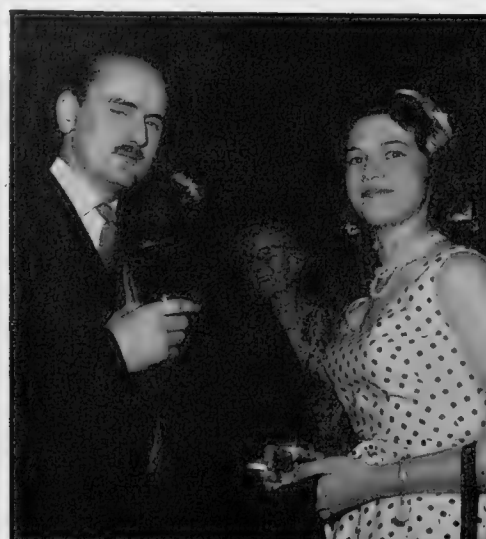
Mr. A. Woodall and Mrs. Adrian House

## A peer's daughter marries

MR. RALPH MICHAEL HASLAM, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Haslam, married the Hon. Judith Browne, younger daughter of Lord Oranmore & Browne and the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple, at Christ Church, Albany St. Right: The bride and bridegroom with Lady Oranmore & Browne and two attendants, Hermione Scott and Sarah Pery-Knox-Gore



Lord Oranmore & Browne (right), with his son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Martin & Mrs. Browne



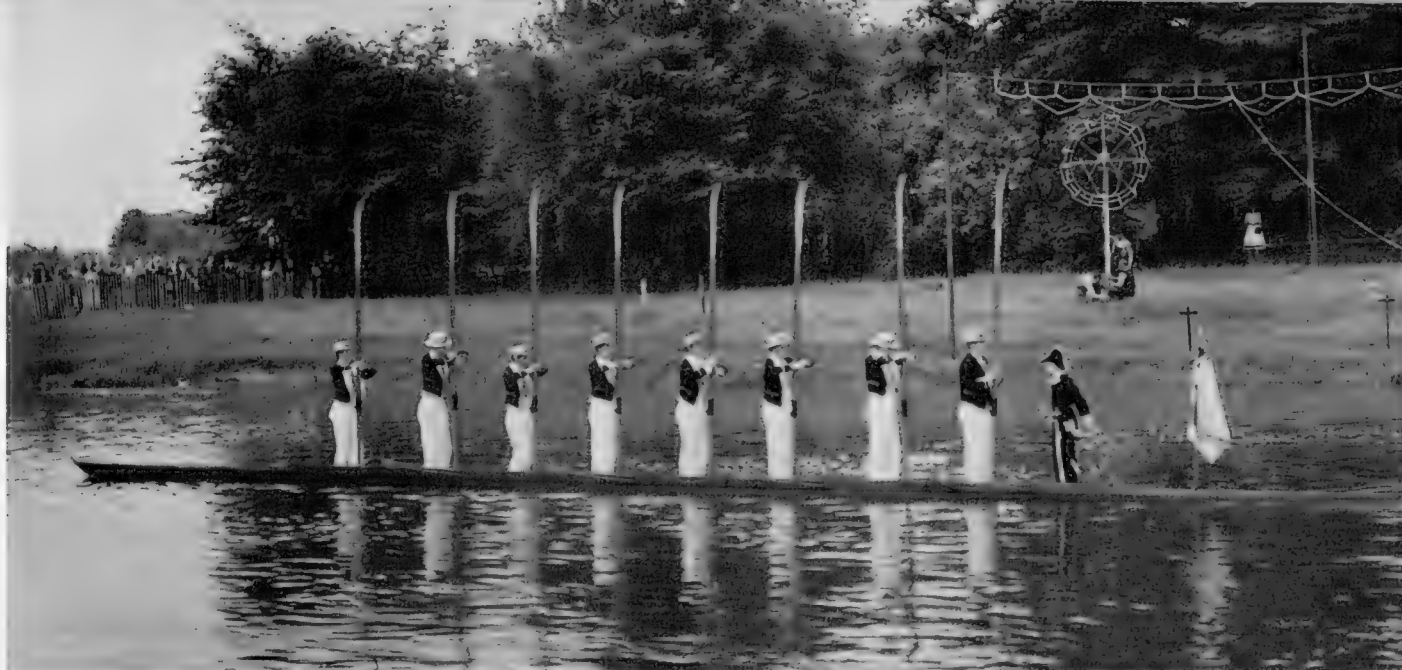
The Hon. Anthony Cayzer, whose wife is a sister of the bride, with Mrs. Christopher Keeling



The Hon. Alan & Mrs. Mackay. His brother is the Earl of Inchcape. Mr. & Mrs. Mackay live in Ayrshire

A. V. Swaabe





There was a procession of boats during the founder's day celebrations at Eton. Like the oarsmen on this boat, Britannia, many of the visitors wore boaters

A. V. Swaebø

## Boaters out for Eton's celebrations



Miss Kay Stewart

Miss Alexandra  
Bridgewater



The Hon. Elizabeth Mackay; daughter of  
Lord Reay, and Miss Charlotte Caulfield

Miss Victoria Bathurst Norman, daughter  
of the Hon. Mrs. C. P. Bathurst Norman

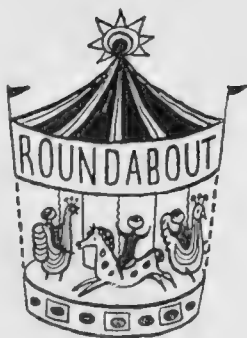


Miss Olivia Gray

Miss Charmian Scott, daughter of Lord  
& Lady George Scott







THE ROUNABOUT COMMENTARY THIS WEEK IS  
FOCUSED ON WIMBLEDON—THE LEADING TOURNAMENT  
WHERE THE LEADING PLAYERS ARE RULED OUT . . .

## Oh, for an open Wimbledon!

by DENZIL BATCHELOR

THERE is no other iced coffee in the world that tastes quite as delectable as the iced coffee at Wimbledon. There are no prettier girls, there is no more fadeless sunshine, or more charming *ambiance*, or greater freedom from frustration than you will find when you spend a day on the Centre Court that bears the legend:

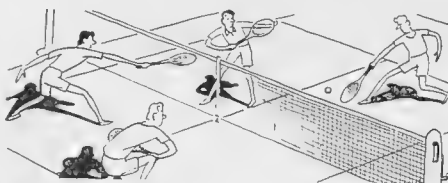
*If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same. . .*

But would the iced coffee be even more delicious, would the girls be prettier and the sense of bliss more glorious still if this tournament were flung open to professional tennis players as well as to those amateurs who are only entitled to their expenses for 365 days of the year? My own view is that it is a tragedy that Wimbledon is *not* an open tournament. Why shouldn't it be, when the greatest golf championships in all countries invite amateur and professional players to compete against each other?

Well, the retort to this pious hope is that lawn tennis in England owes its very existence to the army of honorary organizers of local clubs. These heroes and heroines (it is conjectured) would not give so generously of their time and energy if they felt that the £45,000 to £50,000 profit, less taxation, Wimbledon makes annually went to enrich a handful of players instead of being ploughed back into the development of the game. There are, of course, no fancy expenses at Wimbledon, because it stands supreme as a tournament a professional (or even an amateur) would willingly forgo financial reward to win.

So Wimbledon remains an amateur preserve, though not a few of its stars are somewhat unusual amateurs. The classic

example is the case of Lewis Hoad. In 1955 Hoad made an agreement with Kramer to turn professional (in the presence of Hopman, the Australian Davis Cup coach); then changed his mind, and—his salary with a sports outfitters having been raised—remained an amateur until he could get better terms. He was offered them in 1956: a minimum guarantee of £42,000 if he won the 1957 Wimbledon. During his visit to England he received bonuses of £70 and £90 for winning amateur tournaments.



Or consider the case of Frank Sedgman, who wanted to become a professional in 1951, when Australia had desperate need of him for her Davis Cup team. As an amateur he could not be given money, but fortunately he was engaged to be married and an astute newspaper solved the problem by starting a "Wedding Gift for Jean" fund which brought in thousands—and did the trick.

Today the position is that an amateur lawn tennis player may receive reasonable expenses in tournaments all over the world for twelve months of the year: it may well be reduced to five months next year—if the brutal authorities get their way and sentence the innocent players to seven months hard

labour annually. This attempt to get tough with amateurs is so far no more than a recommendation, and the present arrangement undoubtedly looks nice to the player when the question of tax returns comes up, but what are "reasonable expenses?" This year the two best amateur players in the world—Australia's Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson—were promised increased personal allowances, and shortly afterwards were told that these were in fact to be decreased from £2 10s. a day to £1 14s., as compared with the United States' allowances of little less than £9 a day. Cooper's bitter comment was: "I have no further faith in Australian officials," and one at least of the players bluffed in announcing that he was undecided as to whether to make the official overseas' tour.

If to be an amateur is to play a game without financial recompense or reward, there are no top-class amateur lawn-tennis players today: there are only disguised and less generously recompensed professionals.

The strongest argument, as I see it, for allowing declared professionals to compete at Wimbledon, and all other major tournaments, is that without these men the standard of lawn tennis has sunk low and is quickly sinking lower. For years the quintessential point about Wimbledon has been the rivalry between the Australian pastmasters and their American challengers. Now there are no Americans. The Australians are without peer: and the probability is that Cooper or Anderson or Mervyn Rose must win the title.

But of course none of these three would have a chance if professionals were allowed to compete. "The best six players in the world are professionals," Jack Kramer said to me recently. He is right; and without them Wimbledon is like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark.

Observe, I have said that the standard of amateur lawn tennis is low and is sinking lower. Tilden, at his best, would not have lost a set against any leading player today. Cochet, Lacoste, Borotra and Perry would have won as they pleased against such opposition. One can go further back, and suggest that either of the Doherty brothers would have won a modern Wimbledon: which is a strange assumption when one



BRIGGS



by Graham





## Have you ever seen it like this before?

fleets that a champion athlete of their day could have been eclipsed by a second-rater of modern times. The modern tactic of trying to blast the enemy off the court by sheer hard hitting first failed to achieve the greatest of victories against superlative class when the thunderbolt-serving giant, Maurice McLaughlin from California, was beaten in straight sets by Wilding (who probed his backhand) 45 years ago.

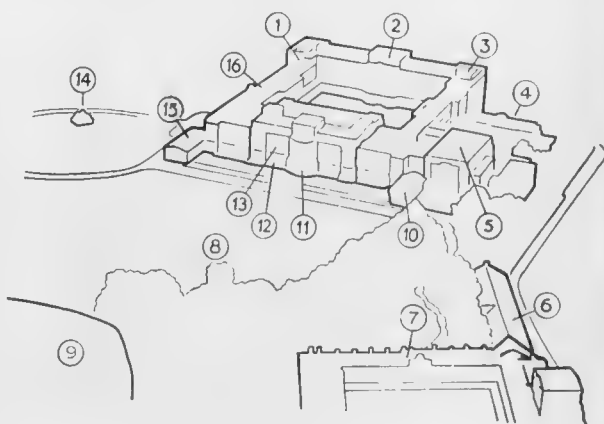
The falling-off is not confined to the men alone. I do not believe Miss Gibson would have forced the dazzlingly swift Suzanne Lenglen or the classic Mrs. Lambert Chambers to a third set. But interest in women's tennis is of secondary importance. It is men's singles that matter: that give the stamp of supremacy to Wimbledon. What sort of competition is offered this year when Hoad and Gonzales are not in the field?

All the same the great occasion will remain unassailed in its majesty. Only a handful of the 30,000 who watch each day of the fortnight can tell superb lawn tennis from the merely good: indeed, E. V. Lucas once said that this is the only game that looks as if it is being played better than it is. And the *ambiance* will be there, and the sunshine, the freedom from worry, and the sense of having kept up with the neighbours who have only seen *My Fair Lady*. And the iced coffee.

Buckingham Palace from the air. This rare view shows how the Palace and its gardens look behind the façade and walls that are all the public usually sees.

At the top is the Victoria Memorial. Other details below:

1. The private entrance used by the Royal Family.
2. The east side consists mainly of apartments for State visitors.
3. The south side contains offices of the Royal household staff and also the department of the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps.
4. A wing for the Court post office and the guard rooms.
5. Here is the largest of the State apartments, the State ballroom. It is used for Investitures. Presentation parties were also held here.
6. The riding school.
7. The Royal Mews, where the Royal horses and carriages are kept.
8. The Royal garden parties are held on these lawns.
9. The pond.
10. Beyond this are more gardens.
11. The Palace chapel. Bombed during the war, it has been re-roofed, but the interior remains severely damaged.
12. On the ground floor of this block is the Bow Room. The Queen takes parades and inspections on the terrace in front of the bow windows.
13. The "1844" Room, where luncheon parties are held.
14. The Blue Drawing Room is on the first floor. It is used for dinner parties.
15. The summer house, where Princess Anne occasionally has her lessons during the summer.
16. Squash courts



and a swimming-bath are in this colonnaded building. 16. The north side contains, on the ground floor, the offices concerned with the external activities of the Queen and the Royal Family, including the press offices. Above this floor are the Queen's private apartments



# This week is the centenary of Sir George Alexander, one of the actor-managers who ruled a theatrical era

by KENNETH GREGORY



SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER (1858-1918)

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER, born 100 years ago tomorrow, was the best-dressed of the great actor-managers and he is probably the best remembered today. At least, he is to those 15-year-olds who prepare for their G.C.E. by studying *The Importance of Being Earnest*; for whenever they open their set book they read the original cast headed by

JOHN WORTHING, J.P. . . . *George Alexander*

The reign of the actor-managers constituted a flamboyant chapter in the history of the English stage. This was actor's theatre, a theatre divorced from realism as Ibsen understood it and centred on romanticism and personality. The actor-managers spanned the gap from Sheridan to Pinero, a void from which no English dramatist of note survives.

Had they not been supreme masters of their craft they could not have lasted. Skilled in rhetoric, they could persuade audiences that fustian was worth hearing. Consider early Pinero:

"Renshaw, do you imagine there is no autumn in the life of a profligate? What of the time when those wild oats thrust their ears through the very seams of the floor trodden by

the wife whose respect you have learned to covet?"

People never talked like this. But that made no difference to the actor-manager, who compelled belief in twaddle because he believed in it himself. So, Irving's success in *The Bells*.

Irving believed, too, in translating Shakespeare into his own image. Tree had no hesitation in counterpointing the divine music with cascading waterfalls and live rabbits. He once introduced a dog into *Richard II* so that when the animal licked Bolingbroke's hand the King could reveal his broken heart. But Tree's attitude could perhaps be taken from an entry in his *Notebook*: "A committee should consist of three men, two of whom are absent."

People went to the theatre to see the actor-managers give a performance and they were amply rewarded. Mr. Eliot may follow the death of the Archbishop in *Murder In The Cathedral* with ten pages of argument, but Tennyson's *Becket* gave scope to Irving. Small wonder, then, that the final curtain fell less than a minute after the murder, though even this was time for the touching question and answer.

Does he breathe?

No, Reginald, he is dead.

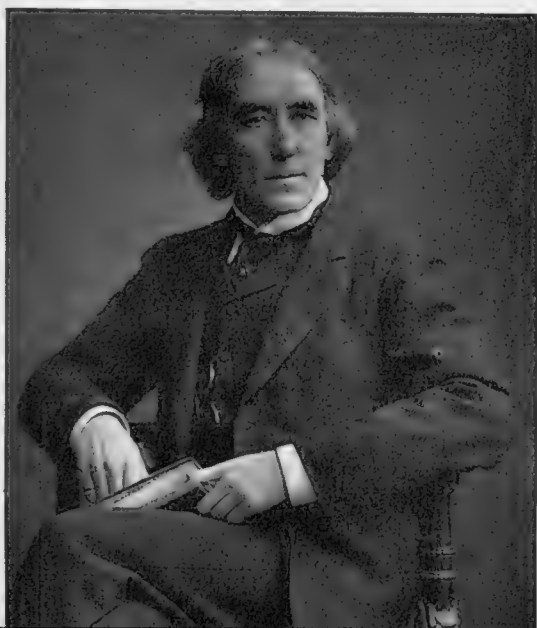
The actor-managers were exponents of the personality cult and slaves only to their own idiosyncracies. Irving would not allow electricity to be installed at the Lyceum, but because the Prime Minister was deaf he did allow Gladstone to sit on the stage in the O.P. corner. Alexander was on the L.C.C. Sir Frank Benson, who came to the theatre after running the Three Miles for Oxford, was apt to advertise for a "*Laertes: must be able to bat and play left inner.*"

The actor-managers did not confine themselves to any particular field of drama. Lewis Waller, who inspired the first fan club, excelled as D'Artagnan and in other Fairbanks, Snr., rôles. Hare and Seymour Hicks and Hawtrey were light comedians of exquisite touch, though the latter was apt to shudder at the sight of youthful self-assertion. Once he cried: "Never let me see that boy again." The boy was Master Noël Coward.

There was also Forbes-Robertson, keener perhaps on painting than on acting. He was the classical actor, the Gielgud of his time, able to "present a dramatic hero as a man

Three actor-managers.—Lewis Waller (left), a player of swash-buckling rôles, provoked the first fan club. Centre: Sir Henry Irving, the first actor to be knighted. He is commemorated by a statue

and an hotel in Charing Cross Road. Right: Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, originally an art student, became the classical actor of his time. Such men, says Gregory, began the personality cult



whose passions are those which have produced the philosophy, the poetry, the art and the statecraft of the world and not merely those which have produced its weddings, coroners' inquests and funerals."

This Shavian appraisal goes far to explain why the cult of the actor-manager gradually died out. The early 20th century renaissance in the British theatre was fostered by dramatists, men who whatever their technical approach were following in the wake of Ibsen and the play of ideas. That is why history may recall the actor-managers less for their magnoperative feats than for the rôles they created from time to time in the new dramatists' plays—Tree as Higgins, Forbes-Robertson as Caesar, Alexander in Wilde, and Cyril Maude in Barrie's *The Little Minister*. Witness Tree, who presented 46 plays during his 18 years at Her Majesty's, of which (apart from Shakespeare and Sheridan) only *Pygmalion* lives. The films can do Dickens and *Monsieur Beaucaire* better than actor-managers.

But though the new dramatists undermined the actor-managers' theatre, World War One destroyed it. In the 1870s a leading player was content with £20 a week and Sir Squire Bancroft decreed that expenses should not exceed one-third of holding capacity. During Maude's tenure of the Haymarket a stall ticket brought in half-a-guinea; 50 years later the price has less than doubled. So the twenties found the theatre engulfed in the business world. By then the actor-managers were either dead or old men and their junior member, Gerald du Maurier, ploughed his own inimitable furrow by perfecting an individual style of acting that baffled those who came after.

Today we can see that the three most influential figures of the century in our theatre have been a designer, Edward Gordon Craig, and two directors, Granville Barker and William Poel. But it was different in the nineties, when one searched in vain on the programme of Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet* for any mention of a producer. "Scenery by Messrs. Craven & Barker. . . The Wigs by Mr. Fox. . . Selection *Traviata* by Verdi." This was the actor's theatre, its age given point by an advertisement for a fine suite of furniture priced at £6 15s.

Shaw, of course, attacked the actor-managers and all they stood for. Still, Sir George had taste enough to please him when he produced *As You Like It*. He also had the courage to risk his reputation on Henry James's ill-fated *Guy Domville*. When he sought a handsome young man for Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* he looked over Benson's troupe and found Henry Ainley. Benson—"Pa" to thousands at Stratford—trained Ainley and Tearle and Harcourt Williams; more important, he took Shakespeare to those who never visited London.

But the last word on actor-managers shall belong to Tree who must surely have longed to produce Shaw's classic comedy in the manner of *My Fair Lady*. Not content with founding the Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street, Tree summed up the true attitude of all actor-managers. Stopped in the street one day and asked how he was, he replied:

"I? Oh, I'm radiant!"



Miss Sally Croker-Poole, daughter of Col. & Mrs. Arthur Croker-Poole, and Mr. J. Bradford, who is with a banking firm



The Hon. Malcolm Davidson, with Miss Diana Whitworth-Jones, a great-granddaughter of the late Lord Atkin, the Lord of Appeal



The Hon. Penelope Allsopp, daughter of Lord & Lady Hindlip, with Mr. Richard Graham

Miss Judith de Marffy-Mantuano, a niece of Judith, Countess of Listowel, with her father, Mr. T. de Marffy-Mantuano



Mrs. G. J. Hamilton and Mrs. A. I. Sladen gave a joint dance at the Hyde Park Hotel for their daughters, Miss Margaret Hamilton and Miss Rinalda Baird. Above: Mr. & Mrs. A. I. Sladen with Miss Rinalda Baird

## Débutantes share a dance in London

Mr. & Mrs. G. J. Hamilton and Miss Margaret Hamilton, the other girl for whom the party was given. Mr. Hamilton teaches at Ravenswood School, Tiverton, Devon. His daughter hunts with the Wylve Valley Hunt

A. V. Swaabe





PRISCILLA IN PARIS

## Mother's Day beat the crisis

FOR the first time in my life I can understand those taut, anxious-eyed people who stand and stare at a closed door behind which *Something is Happening*. I recently spent a long, sunny afternoon at the window of a tranquil hotel in the Place du Palais Bourbon overlooking the National Assembly. I ought to have been inside that Assembly but my card of admittance had no power to stretch the ladies gallery to the dimensions needed to ensure all ticket holders a seat. In order to reach the entrance on the Quai d'Orsay one had to pass through three police *barrages*. I was politely waved onwards through the first; the ranks of the second were rather more dense and the third I did not even attempt to tackle. Friends who were making the return journey—looking somewhat crumpled in their attire and dusty about the feet—waved me back.

It was then that we plumped for a room at the Hotel de Bourgogne opposite the *cours d'honneur* and *porte cochère* of the Assembly. It was cool and pleasant and on the fifth floor. We stared blankly at the windows of the building within which so much might happen. We wished we had the power of Le Sage's diabolical Asmodeus and could have lifted the roof to peer within. There was really nothing to see, and yet one curiously felt that there was everything.

Every table outside the little café that stands on the corner of the Place and the rue de l'Université was engaged. Children played on the pavements. Many of them importantly carried the be-ribboned balloons that were to be launched at four o'clock, for it was "Mother's Day." Scooters and bicycles snorted around. The closed shutters of most of the private houses in the Place suggested that people were away, week-ending as they always do at this time of the year. It was a peaceful, almost provincial, scene. The long, dark blue, armoured cars of the police parked in the side streets held no menace. The C.R.S. wore their forage caps, and their tin hats, hooked to the back of their belts, bumped against their rotundities with an inevitably comic effect. The quietness and calm persisted even when General de Gaulle, alone in his own, black, chauffeur-driven car, arrived escorted by motor cycle police. Fervent applause and the waving of scarves and handkerchiefs greeted him. One had the impression that an old friend was being welcomed. Eyes were bright and hearts must have beaten a little faster. It was a warm, satisfying moment.

Later I drove home via the Esplanade at the Invalides. Since it was Sunday the immense car park was almost empty. There were crowds of people and the roundabouts and what-nots of the Fête of the Invalides were doing great business. Numberless parties of men in their shirt sleeves were playing bowls. Lovers were enjoying as much petting as could be managed on the benches or the iron chairs under the trees. (One chair for two now that the price of



Les Halles Market

hire has gone up.) There was already a queue in the Tuileries gardens for the inauguration of the open-air theatre that is supposed to play throughout the summer. This is a case of D.V.W.P., with stress on the W.P. although it seems that the theatre can be used open-or-shut, umbrella-wise. The City Fathers are indeed dry-nursing us! I wonder if it is the same C.F.'s that are responsible for the *bâtons* now used by the Paris *agents de police*? I only noticed recently that they resemble the American cop's night stick. They used to be shorter and heavier. An officer whom I questioned explained: "But yes, madame, much heavier and"—he added very solemnly as if it was a state secret—"they were made of rubber! Most dangerous!" Dear City Fathers.

The apparent indifference shown to current events by some people is not so much selfishness as it is the perfect certitude that everything will come right in time and since they can't do anything about it they had better get on with business—and pleasure—as usual. The great historian, M. Pierre

As a republic tottered,  
lovers still sat on benches,  
children played on the pavements,  
and crowds queued for theatre tickets

Gaxotte of the French Academy, reminds us that a man who is suffering from toothache is more interested in his dentist than in his Prime Minister and recalls that, during the French political crisis of the 2nd December, 1851, the Goncourt brothers, who were to become so famous, declared that they could not worry about affairs of State on the day their first novel was due out.

The highly successful performances of the Bolshoi Ballet of Moscow at the Grand Opera House have in no way suffered from our recent troubles. Certainly there was a dearth of political personages amongst the first night audiences but even so many of their good ladies came and president Paul Reynaud managed to look in; I also had a glimpse of a worried-looking Daladier, a rather surly-visaged Henry Torrès and a fairly complacent André Cornu, as well as M. Joxe who has been French Ambassador to Moscow. Sir Gladwyn Jebb was in his usual box and all the habitual balletomanes occupied their customary stalls. To my surprise it was not a smart "house". I am afraid the audience dressed down to what must be a drab conception of sartorial Russia.

Madame Galina Ulanova, the 49-year-old prima ballerina of the Bolshoi Ballet, is even more wonderful than we have been taught to imagine. Her science of attitude, the perfection of her technique, the slim beauty of her silhouette are an enchantment... and what an actress she is.

Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliette* was given *in extenso*. It is a long ballet—three acts and thirteen tableaux. This means more acting and miming than classic dancing and gives Ulanova's dramatic talent full scope. It was the first time the great danseuse was appearing in Paris. We were to have seen her a few years ago, but the tragedy of Dien-Bien-Phu cancelled the Bolshoi season. We have been told that Mme. Ulanova was as greatly disappointed as we were; I imagine that the reception she received the other night must have consoled her and shown her the deep appreciation that France feels, and has always felt, for *l'art de la danse*. The only person who did not seem quite happy that evening was Serge Lifar, the famous Russian-born ballet-master (and duellist) of the Paris Grand Opera House. He was in his most critical mood but could hardly give voice to his greengrapih criticisms. I think that what he really suffered from was finding—as so many have done before him—that it is impossible to eat one's cake and yet keep it!



THE ANGLO-SWEDISH SOCIETY held a ball at Claridges. Above: Lord & Lady Sempill, Sir Harold Wernher (president of the society), and Lady Zia Wernher received the guests

Desmond O'Neill



The Swedish Ambassador, M. Hägglöf, and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks whose husband made a speech



Mrs. Norman Chapling with Mr. B. Kronmann, Counsellor at the Swedish Embassy

Sir John Dean, the telecommunications industrialist, and Countess Brockenhuss-Schack



Miss Birgitta Lonnegren and Count Bertil Bernadotte, youngest son of Count Folke Bernadotte

## INTERNATIONAL DANCES

Two foreign communities in London have held dances. *Above:* The Anglo-Swedish Ball. *Below:* The Anglo-Argentine Ball



The Argentine Minister, Senor Ernesto Piaggio, with Sra. Quadros and the Uruguayan Ambassador, Sr. J. Quadros



Lord & Lady Grantchester with the Belgian Ambassador, M. Rene Van Meerbeke

Mr. & Mrs. James Gonzalez Moreno. He is an Argentine meat-importer



Mr. & Mrs. G. J. McGillivray. Mr. McGillivray is with the Bank of England



THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE SOCIETY held a ball at the Savoy. Below: The Argentine Ambassador, Senor Alberto Candioti, and Mme. Candioti receive the guests with Viscount Davidson (right), president of the society, and Viscountess Davidson



Desmond O'Neill





THE  
TATLER

# At Covent Garden's centenary



L. to r.: Mrs. Arnold Haskell, her husband Dr. Arnold Haskell of the Royal Ballet School, Viscount Soulbury and Sir Thomas Frazer. Lord Soulbury is chairman of the Board of Governors of the Royal Ballet School



Major Sir Edward Ford and the Countess of Dalkeith. She is wearing a floral-patterned tiara. Behind Sir Edward is the Earl of Dalkeith. Sir Edward is Assistant Private Secretary to the Queen, and formerly to King George VI

The décor for this glittering evening, *Jennifer writes*, was flowers, fruit and vegetables entwined in tubas and other musical instruments. Oranges, lemons, radishes and even prickly artichokes were used with peonies and other flowers. Her Majesty the Queen wore a dress of jade green, with a diamond necklace and tiara. Prince Philip wore the ribbon of the Order of the Garter and other decorations. To the left of the Royal Box were members of the Diplomatic Corps, among them the doyen, the Norwegian Ambassador with Mme. Prebensen, elegant in red, the Swedish Ambassador & Mme. Hägglöf, the Italian Ambassador, the French Ambassador & Mme. Chauvel, the Austrian Ambassador and the Turkish Ambassador. On the right of the Royal Box sat Mr. "Rab" Butler (deputizing for the Prime Minister), several leading politicians, the Earl & Countess of Harewood, Sir Frederick & Lady Hoyer-Millar, Sir Roger & Lady Makins and Sir William & Lady Hayter.

The three most beautiful tiaras were those worn by Viscountess Hambleden (pearl and diamond), Viscountess Massereene & Ferrard (aquamarine and diamond with a parure to match), & the Marchioness of Cholmondeley (a magnificent emerald and diamond affair) who was escorted by Mr. Cecil Beaton. The Earl & Countess of Drogheda had a big party in a box including Viscountess Waverley, and Sir Robert & Lady Laxcock, and on the opposite side of the theatre Sir Kenneth & Lady Clark had friends with them in a box. Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, the Countess of Abingdon and the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellows sat together in a box but left after the first interval.

On the stage, opera-star Maria Callas had many curtain calls after singing "Qui la voce" from Bellini's *I Puritani*, and so did ballerina Margot Fonteyn, who danced with the Royal Ballet the leading rôle in *Birthday Offering* with choreography by Frederick Ashton. He, like Dame Ninette de Valois, who has done so much for British ballet, was in the audience.

The evening opened with the National Anthem sung by the Australian singer Sylvia Fisher, with the Covent Garden Opera Chorus in costumes of 100 years ago.



Lady (Brian) Mountain with Mr. & Mrs. Peter Smithers. Mr. Smithers is Conservative M.P. for Winchester



The Queen and Prince Philip. On the left of the Royal Box can be seen Mr. R. A. Butler with Miss Jean Courtauld (his late wife's cousin), the Marquess & Marchioness of Salisbury, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell. On the right are the Norwegian Ambassador (M. Pretsen), the Swedish Ambassador and his wife (M. & Mme. Hägglöf). It was Prince Philip's 37th birthday, and earlier he had taken the salute on Horse Guards Parade where massed bands of the Royal Marines beat the retreat



The Duke of Devonshire and Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar

The French Ambassador, M. Jean Chauvel, with Madame Chauvel

Sir Robert & Lady Laycock. The special programmes were printed on nylon scrolls



## THEATRE

# Annabelle is such a pleasant killer

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



LAST-MINUTE RESCUE. The sadly deceived architect Charles Ashton (Robert Urquhart) carries his wife (Jan Holden) away with all speed from the sealed room which nearly became her tomb

STAGE detectives could be good company in the days when they had amateur status and were privileged, as gentlemen, to be dashing unorthodox in their approach to crime and suspects. They have been known to let a murderer go if they had decided that fate had given him an unfairly raw deal. I am among those who regret that writers have got into the anti-romantic habit of leaving the job of detection to the man sent down from the Yard, or even to the local police superintendent.

My objection is not simply romantic and snobbish: it is severely practical. These functionaries, working to professional rule of thumb, have to ask far too many questions. I listen to these questions well knowing that most of them lead nowhere. The tireless interrogators get admirable results, but they are not good company. I have come to prefer the company of murderers. I would rather see a murder cleverly planned than a murder patiently reconstructed; and *Speaking Of Murder* at the St. Martin's Theatre is a first-rate example of the thriller which shows us the ingenuities of a murderer's mind and leaves the police to work out their case against her when the curtain has fallen.

Morally, there is nothing to be said for Annabelle, but she is, as Miss Maxine Audley plays her, wonderfully good company. We do not wonder that the two children of the man whose wife she has toppled over a high balcony adore her. She combines just the sort of easy authority which children respect with their own sense of fun. Ridding herself of the wife of the man she herself wants has been a sad waste of time; the insensitive fellow has at once taken a second wife, an English film star, and her arrival in the Hampshire riverside house means that Annabelle must shortly go on her travels again. It is she who sees that this departure is inevitable, and she makes generously little of the sacrifice. The new bride feels that she is rather mean to let her go. She cannot fail to observe that the children resent her going as much as they resent the coming of their stepmother, and she is made aware in a dozen ways of the charm and efficiency with which the house is run. She would not feel so mean if she knew Annabelle as we quickly get to know her. She can plan a new murder with the same casual precision with which she can check up a domestic bill.

She is as intelligent as she is ruthless. A

tippling ex-governess living in the village knows more than she ought to know about the first murder. The old woman is a present liability which Annabelle decides to turn into a future asset. She will make her blackmailer her accomplice. When she has lured the film star into a sound-proof, air-proof safe where the poor lady will take a couple of hours to suffocate, there is her own whereabouts to be accounted for. Her alibi will be established by the ex-governess in whose cottage she will be taking tea. But who will be thought to have turned the lock?

Who but the small boy? While seeming in her charming way to pooh-pooh little Ricky's resentment of her stepmother she has in fact caused it to grow. The father is very much worried that his son should have slashed one of his wife's pretty frocks with a knife, and he is still more worried when his wife's pet dog is found to have suffocated in the air-tight safe. The boy swears that he has done neither of these things, but his denial only makes matters worse for him. Annabelle has been careful to teach him the numbers ruling the combination lock and artlessly she reminds him at the appropriate moment of his special knowledge. The luckless boy is thus manoeuvred into the position of being the only person in the house when Annabelle calmly coaxes his stepmother into the horrid safe and herself pops off to make an afternoon call on her accomplice.

It is a thriller then, that holds us by the sheer ingenuity of the plot, which we watch Annabelle working out with cold-blooded efficiency. The point comes at which the ingenuities of plotting give way to life-and-death suspense outside the safe, with only the small boy knowing how to unlock it and he too frightened to remember the numbers accurately. But the American authors, Miss Audry Roos and Mr. William Roos, keep their heads, and nothing in the end lets down a piece of good fast story-telling. The performance owes a great deal to Miss Audley's skill in casting a warmly ingratiating glow over a monster of wickedness, and the character of the tippling old lady blackmailer is nicely touched in by Miss Joyce Carey.



WHEN SNAKES FALL OUT. The murderess (Maxine Audley) shakes with fright and fury when her unreliable accomplice (Joyce Carey) shows her a compromising letter



Ingestre Hall where an opera festival was held this month for the second year. It is the home of the Earl of Shrewsbury, premier Earl of England

## Opera at Ingestre Hall



Viscount Ingestre, five-year-old son and heir of the Earl of Shrewsbury, played Cupid in *Venus and Adonis* the first opera presented at the festival



Anna Pollak, Jess Walters, Alexander Young (Captain Silvio, alias Dr. Miracle), and Jacqueline Delman. They were the cast of *Dr. Miracle*, a short comic opera

The Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress of Liverpool, Alderman & Mrs. H. Livermore, in the Hall gardens

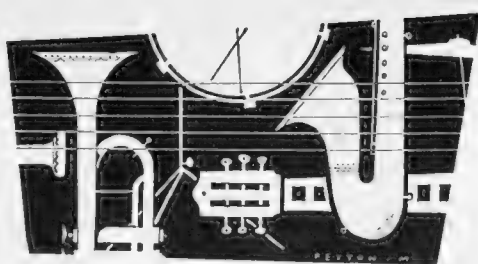
The Countess of Shrewsbury with Mr. Anthony Lowther, administrative manager of the festival

Sir Robert & Lady Mayer. He is the co-founder of the Robert Mayer Concerts for Children

Van Hallan







## RECORDS

# He played the piano in a splint

by GERALD LASCELLES

**P**IANO JAZZ predominates, with infinite variety to suit all tastes and listening moods. Erroll Garner, the most palatable of contemporary jazz-artists, has a complicated background of strings for his Phillips L.P. "Other Voices", which includes a delightful version of a *Fair Lady* hit—"On the street where you live". His crisper self intrudes in "The Afternoon of an Elf", when he is unaccompanied. Here he is brimming over with pithy comment in his inimitable rhythmic way. The fact that he undertook to record these tracks with one finger in a splint seems not to have affected the excellence of the end-product in any way.

Hampton Hawes, an erudite young player of thirty, skips from the sublime to the ridiculous in his second volume of recordings with his Trio. The ridiculous embraces that mushy-slushy sound beloved of all pianists employed on radio programmes to fill in fifteen minutes between two exceptionally dull programmes presented at peak listening times. Mr. Hawes's sublime takes him into the realms of the great swinging modernists, where his future undoubtedly lies; few coloured artists have emerged from the cult of American West Coast Jazz, and his performance strikes me like a flash of lightning in a very cloudy sky.

No spoon-fed clichés are included in Lennie Tristano's near-vintage (1949) progressive jazz, issued for the first time in Britain on an Esquire E.P. Backed by Lee Konitz (alto) and Shelly Manne (drums) he plays musical improbabilities round such conventional tunes as "These foolish things" (Retrospection) and "Don't blame me" (Judy). The new titles denote that only the chord progressions, not the melodies, are admissible in his far-seeing eyes.

A relative newcomer to the jazz scene is pianist Billy Taylor, whose work is consistently interesting. He affects many styles and plays with sufficient gusto to attract my attention. His trio record recently issued by H.M.V. makes pleasant listening, and displays his affinity for the classics in the guise of Bach and Debussy; in passing, I would mention that the sleeve notes by columnist Whitney Balliett of the *Saturday Review* make more sense than any I have read in years. With such a background Taylor is a logical contender for the honours of setting *My Fair Lady* into the jazz idiom. Abetted by that masterful orchestrator, Quincy Jones, he romps through Alan Lerner's score with the powerful undertow of a star-studded ten-piece group. It still falls short of perfection.

Allowing that Garner provides the basic ingredient called swing, the "sauce piquant" of recent piano releases comes from New Yorker Joe Bushkin, veteran of many notable record sessions. His L.P. with trumpeter Buck Clayton may sound subdued by comparison with other groups recording today, but it is surprising that this gem of improvisation has remained unissued in England for seven years. Their choice of popular show tunes is discreetly played with subtle implications. Here is a record which could serve as an introduction to the field of jazz in any curriculum.

### Selected Records

Mercury	ERROLL GARNER	
MPL6539	"AFTERNOON OF AN ELF" 12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.	
Fontana	JOE BUSHKIN	
TFL5014	"PIANO AFTER MIDNIGHT" 12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	
Contemporary	HAMPTON HAWES	
LAC12018	VOLUME TWO 12-in. L.P. £1 18s. 3d.	
H.M.V.	BILLY TAYLOR	
DLP1181	"MY FAIR LADY LOVES JAZZ" 10-in. L.P. £1 7s. 10d.	
Vanguard	BUCK CLAYTON SEPTET	
PPL11010	"BUCKIN' THE BLUES" 12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.	
Good Time Jazz	KID ORY'S	
LAG12084	CREOLE JAZZ BAND 12-in. L.P. £1 18s. 3d.	



Janette Scott, 18 years old and 16 years an actress, has started work on her 30th film—*The Lady is a Square*. The other stars are Anna Neagle and Frankie Vaughan

Frank Buckingham



## SOON TO BE SEEN

Julie London (left), the recording star ("Cry Me a River"), will play the lead in *A Question of Adultery*, opposite Anthony Steel

Britain's entry in the Berlin Film Festival this year will be *Ice Cold in Alex*, a film about the hazards of a war-time journey made by three men and a woman across the Libyan desert in a broken-down Army ambulance. The stars are John Mills and Sylvia Syms



The battle of Chickamauga was vividly re-enacted for *Raintree County*. This film, reviewed by Elspeth Grant, was M-G-M's most expensive ever Hollywood production

## CINEMA

by ELSPETH GRANT



## Super-colossal—if you have time

It is years and years since I spent a long, wet summer reading Mr. Ross Lockridge, Jr.'s, whopping great novel, *Raintree County*, but I remember guessing at the time that this turbulent work, seething with character and incident, would one day be filmed by Messrs. M-G-M. It was so obviously right up the alley of the company that gave us *Gone With The Wind*. It has taken them a while to get round to it—but here, at last, we have the mammoth movie (running time, two hours and three-quarters), lavishly produced by Mr. David Lewis and admirably directed by Mr. Edward Dmytryk.

Much of the story's original earthiness has been winnowed away—a rollicking Fourth of July celebration, the rumbustious "Flash" Perkins (splendidly played by Mr. Lee Marvin) and the garrulous and amorous "Perfessor" (a part in which Mr. Nigel Patrick positively revels) are just about all that is left of *that*. The film is chiefly concerned with the fortunes of John Shawnessy (Mr. Montgomery Clift), Indiana's "young man most likely to succeed," and Susanna (Miss Elizabeth Taylor), the mentally unstable, rich and beautiful girl from the Deep South, who traps him into marriage with dire results.

While they are on their honeymoon at her Southern home, John Shawnessy learns that his bride's mother was insane, that she shot her husband and his Cuban mistress, set fire to the house and died in the flames. Susanna is haunted by nightmare memories of this terrible affair for which, obscurely, she feels she was to blame and, because she hated her mother and loved the Cuban woman, she is obsessed with the idea that she has coloured blood in her veins.

After their return to Raintree County and the birth of their son, it becomes increasingly apparent that Susanna has inherited her mother's madness. The Civil War breaks out and wears wearily on. Susanna, a prey to irrational fear, flees from Indiana with her child and, passing through the Confederate

lines, makes her way into the South. John joins the Union Army as the only means of following her. He does not find her until the war is over: she is in a lunatic asylum (a very grim scene).

Full of love and compassion, he takes her back to Raintree County once again but poor Susanna, realizing that she is ruining his life, knows no peace. Her suicide leaves John free to find happiness with Nell (Miss Eva Marie Saint), his boyhood's sweetheart who has waited for him with commendable patience all these years.

Miss Taylor gives a remarkably poignant performance as Susanna—expressions of terror and anguish flicker like shadows over her lovely face and behind her dark, tragically perplexed eyes one senses the feverish anxieties of a mind deranged. The film is over-long (I could have done without that old Civil War) but is worth seeing for Miss Taylor's sake—if you can spare the time.

Films about stage-struck young girls tend to be a bit of a bore and *Marjorie Morningstar*, directed by Mr. Irving Rapper, is no exception though it is at least original in one respect: its heroine, played by Miss Natalie Wood, does not achieve fame overnight. The story, written, to my astonishment, by Mr. Herman (*The Caine Mutiny*) Wouk, is a profoundly tedious one about a pretty girl of respectable, middle-class Jewish parentage who becomes infatuated with a somewhat bogus gentleman, Mr. Gene Kelly, whom she meets at a holiday camp.

Mr. Kelly organizes theatrical entertainments at the camp and, in the intervals between seducing female members of the cast, dreams of writing and staging New York musicals. Miss Wood dreams of starring in them: she is convinced that Mr. Kelly belongs in New York. It takes her two hours and ten minutes (screen time) to find that he doesn't: he belongs right there in that nauseating holiday camp, where he can tinkle on the piano, sing his one song in a high, gritty little voice and feed his ego

on the adulation of a horde of moronic teenagers.

Miss Claire Trevor and Mr. Everett Sloane are worthy as Miss Wood's understandably distressed parents, Mr. Ed Wynn is endearing and pathetic as her impecunious uncle, and a few (all too few) moments of comedy relief are contributed by Miss Carolyn Jones—the scatty young person who, you may remember, was the life and soul of *Bachelor Party*.

If one had not seen *The Enemy Below*, one might have felt more enthusiastic about *Run Silent, Run Deep*—another highly efficient film, well directed by Mr. Robert Wise, about submarine warfare. Mr. Clark Gable, captain of a submarine, is hell bent to get the Japanese destroyer that sank his previous command. Disobeying orders, he takes his "boat" into the Bungo Straits and, as four U.S. submarines are already lying on the bottom there, Mr. Burt Lancaster, his lieutenant, feels Mr. Gable is taking an unjustified risk. All the same, when Mr. Gable is incapacitated, Mr. Lancaster loyally carries on. The Japanese destroyer is duly sunk—and a Japanese submarine bagged, too, for good measure.

There is considerable excitement in the film, but we have been there before—braved depth charges, followed torpedoes streaking through the water, and lain on the seabed holding our breath as the silent enemy, ears pricked, passes by at arm's length. Messrs. Gable and Lancaster and the members of their crew give decent, solid performances. It's a good film—though, as most of the action takes place within the submarine, a trifle claustrophobic. This time we surfaced and submerged with such frequency and rapidity that I felt as if I had been caught in a demented lift.

*The Law and Jack Wade*, directed by Mr. John Sturges, is an average Western, notable only for the beauty of its scenery. Mr. Richard Widmark, very snarly, plays an unregenerate bank-robber—Mr. Robert Taylor, very stiff about the upper lip, is his one-time partner in crime, who has since reformed and is now marshal of a small New Mexico town. Seems Mr. Taylor hid some of their ill-gotten loot way up in the Rockies and Mr. Widmark wants to know where it is. Mr. Taylor is forced to show him—but you may be sure Mr. Widmark is the loser in their steely-eyed battle of wits.



## BOOKS IN PICTURES

Roloff Beny, a painter turned photographer, captures the ageless beauty of Mediterranean sculpture (left) in *The Thrones of Earth and Heaven* (Thames & Hudson, 84s.). Below: A "Britannia" goblet, nearly 200 years old, from *Antiques Yearbook* (Tantivy Press, 10s. 6d.)



BOOKS I AM READING

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### I look to see if my stockings are straight

SOME of Virginia Woolf's critical essays unrecorded or printed unsigned in literary journals slipped through the collector's net. A last volume has now emerged, *Granite and Rainbow* (Hogarth Press, 18s.), and some of the essays in it are as much as 40 years old. The point of view is astonishingly modern, but the tone of voice is so different from that of our current young no-posh-nonsense-here critics that one immediately feels guiltily aware of crooked intellectual stocking-seams and unbrushed critical hair. It's like going straight from a jolly, acrimonious argument in a pub into a cool and spiky discussion in a drawing-room.

Now is a time when we suspect, and perhaps fear, "brilliance" in thinking and writing. What is brilliant may also be heartless, proud, lacking in feeling, out of touch with common humanity and ordinariness. Mrs. Woolf simply was not ordinary, and had the ferociously dedicated artist's intimidating mixture of pride and humility, as is evident in these essays. As she was also someone who could think and write with extraordinary perspicacity, clarity and elegance, and made no bones about it, it is understandable that we are still secretly scared of

her. Everyone knows that likeable, feminine women learn to be good listeners, never hog the conversation, and let who will be clever. Mrs. Woolf was too clever by half for our comfort, and never troubled to keep it politely out of sight.

And ironically, in spite of all the wise, humane things she wrote about what women might accomplish in the future in arts and criticism, much of the dreaded "sensitivity" in books written by women is derived from the influence of her dangerous, disturbing and perfect novels.

These essays are as clear and luminous as a glass of cold water in bright sunlight and humbling to anyone who has the nerve to write about books. Some of them are very funny, some of them are not at all kind—Mrs. Woolf calmly slays poor Marie Corelli in a few pages, and neatly arranges all the dismembered limbs before our appalled eyes. It is civilized and aristocratic—two more suspect words today—and as formal as a lesson in correct deportment. It is also a delightfully rewarding book, even if at the end, while vowing to try harder next term, you slip away surreptitiously in search of rowdier company.

Mr. Robert Harling is too stealthy and smooth a writer ever to be called rowdy, but his tone of voice is unmistakably that of today. His new novel, *The Endless Colonnade* (Chatto and Windus, 15s.), is as usual rather more than a thriller, without a thriller's stunts and sensationalism, and written so that there's no stopping from first to last page. Its background is a culture-tour of the Veneto, its off-beat hero a middle-aged English psychiatrist unwillingly trapped in a web of treason and love. Mr. Harling believes in the Hitchcock thesis that terror is more appalling when it walks in bright daylight among familiar, pleasant things and faces, and springs from causes felt rather than understood. Even his titles have a peculiarly ominous, haunted flavour. I am a dedicated Harling fan, the more so because, even while he makes the going so easy and palatable, he somehow persuades you into an ego-building conspiracy of cleverness shared between writer and reader. This time I was even lulled into thinking I knew something about Palladian architecture, which is always an agreeable sensation.

*King's Daughter* (Hutchinson, 15s.) has the by now familiar neat, backward-slanting

script on the pale green jacket that means a novel by Jane Gaskell. She wrote *Strange Evil* when she was 14 and this book not long afterwards. It is absolutely impossible to divorce the author's age from what one thinks and writes about the book, and writers, unlike musicians, mathematicians and chess-players, do not often leap fully-armed upon the world straight from the classroom. At least Miss Gaskell is no one-book phenomenon. I feel I must cautiously withdraw from saying much about *King's Daughter*, as it is to me a bafflingly private world, set 200,000 years ago on earth without a moon. The characters and places have peculiarly difficult names such as Bulinga, Scridol, Dedn, Dnalgne and Nipsire, which possibly accounts for the fact I never for one moment sorted out what was going on. I don't want to sound cross and carping, but with so many adult writers exercising their memories on what it felt like to be adolescent, in rather more accessible places and circumstances, I'd like to have the word clear and direct from Miss Gaskell about here and now in 1958 before she grows up and has to think back. But you may argue that some part of her clearly lives in Gabebal and Tayrb, and the message may be more vivid for some than readily recognizable stuff about riding on the Underground and what you feel about your family. Not for me—but you may say that's my loss, and you may be right at that.

I've also read: *The Silent Siren* by Thomas Sterling (Gollancz, 12s.), a slick, shiny re-version of the Marguerite Gautier story—she is currently an astonishingly popular figure—with some agreeably euphoric rich life under the Mediterranean sun and the tubercular Lady of the Camellias turned into a wildly talkative American call-girl with expensive tastes and *angina pectoris*. I fancy the author reckoned her a real dish and intelligent to boot, but I wasn't at all sorry to see the babbling creature meet her fate; Robert Hancock's *The A and R Man* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) which carries on the good work about exposing the nastiness of pop culture. Films and TV have had a fair innings, and this time it's records and untalented pop singers under the merciless lash. Eager to be disillusioned about it all as I am, I quite enjoyed this latest little purge, which is brief and not solemn (though I don't know about the publishers' "crescendo after crescendo of wit"), and incidentally joyfully mean about a buxom American guitarist who loves his mom. . . . The book I've most enjoyed this week is a reprint, Cecil Woodham-Smith's *The Reason Why* (Penguin, 2s. 6d.), an amazing and marvelous book with those weird officers and gentlemen and brothers-in-law Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan at its centre and the Charge of the Light Brigade, most movingly described, as its terrible and tragic climax. The British cavalry officers at the time of the Crimean campaign had "sweeping whiskers, languid voices, tiny waists, laced in by corsets," and large cigars, and were horrifyingly inexperienced and fearless. Lord Raglan, losing an arm at Waterloo, called out "Here, don't take that arm away until I have taken the ring off the finger!" *The Reason Why*, exquisitely written and beautifully documented, will frighten you into fits.



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Pamela Julie Flowers**  
to **Captain Owen John Lewis**  
She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. D. Flowers, Salisbury Road, Andover. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. E. J. Lewis of Rosenannon, St. Austell, Cornwall



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to **Captain Jeremy Durham Matthews**  
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to **Mr. William D. Crane**  
She is the daughter of the late Mr. T. Greenwood, & of Mrs. Greenwood, Chartfield House, Limpsfield, Surrey. He is the son of Sir William Crane, C.B.E. & Lady Crane, Clumber Crescent, Nottingham

Lenare





TIE TATLER  
& Bystander  
18 June 1958  
636





Michel Molinare

## In June, when roses are in bloom . . .

**T**he rose is symbolic of high summer, and June is the month of the rose. On these pages the rose is shown applied to summer fashion. *Above:* Huge deep-crimson roses are printed on this Breton halo by Gina Davies, which is made of Guillemain's silk jersey and edged with toning straw. At Dickins & Jones, London, and Daly's, Glasgow. Approximately 15 gns.

*Opposite:* A veritable flower-garden of delicate hand-made silk organza roses cascade over a white organza skirt in many shades of delicate pink. This dress of a lifetime is from the current collection of Pierre Balmain, who makes some of the most feminine clothes in Paris.

And for June we suggest a perfume which will remind you day-long of the rose garden—Marcel Rochas' "La Rose"





A showerproofed cotton-poplin coat by Dannimac, made in many summer colours including pink, blue, yellow, etc. Price £6 19s. 6d. (larger sizes £7 15s.). At D. H. Evans, London, and Schofields, Leeds

## Meet the showers with flowers

**I**N an English summer the raincoat cannot be banished, so, as we cannot escape it, we might as well make the best of it. For example : flower colours can now be found in raincoats to wear over light summer dresses. So there is no need to be drab whatever the weather



Pink-and-white checked cotton is used for Telemae's showerproof coat. It is also made in blue and green with white checks. At Fifth Avenue, London, and J. Jones, Manchester. Price £7 19s. 6d.



Michel Molinare

A summer raincoat for smart occasions. It is made of proofed cotton cord in blue, black and white stripes with velvet collar. At Aquaseutum, 100 Regent Street, W.1. Price 13 gns.



## Meet the showers with flowers *continued*



Double-proofed poplin is used here by Quelrayn for their pale-blue raincoat with silver buttons and a half-belt. The other colours include royal blue, poppy, tan, green, yellow and natural. At Selfridge's, London, and Colmer's, Bath. Price about 6 gns. Quelrayn have a special cleaning service for which the charge is around 15s.



A cotton givrene coat, proofed and lined with satin. It is intricately cut and has a smart, upstanding collar. A Paul Blanche model in lime green. It also comes in other colours, such as royal blue, red, yellow, pink, citron and pale nutmeg. From Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1, and Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh. Price: 10½ gns.



1

## Down at heel is up to date

FOR everyday wear, heels have gone down. The medium heel, shaped to a more fluid line, has returned: The stiletto heel, once a fashionable "must," is relegated mostly to late-day wear.

1 A curving medium heel for these white T-strap sandals, which are also made in freezia, bronze kid and black patent leather. At Saxone's main branches throughout the country. Price: 79s. 11d. The bare look with Dents' "American Beauty" seamfree nylons with a reinforced toe and heel. Price: 5s. 11d.



3

2 A shoe by Bally from Russell & Bromley in soft grey calf with a toe and small curving heel in black patent leather. Price: 5 gns. To tone exactly with the shoes, Ballito's sheerest seamfree "Dream Grey" stockings. Price: 9s. 11d.

3 Rayne uses a low heel for this pump in white kid, which has lattice-work on the vamp. At their Regent Street, W.1, branch. Price: £5 19s. 6d. With the shoes are worn Aristoc's 15-denier, 60-gauge "Pink Cloud" nylons to give the very faintest glow to the skin. Price: 10s. 6d.



4

4 In contrasting leathers, a shoe in white and navy-blue calf, with a medium-tapering heel. By I. Miller. Price: 7½ gns. at Harrods. The Christian Dior stockings are 66-gauge, 15-denier, in "Amboise," a delicate mushroom shade. Price: 12s. 6d.

5 Toning beige glove-suède and leather are used for the London Shoe Company's Bally court-shoe, with a slender medium heel. Price: £6 16s. 6d. The stockings are Bear Brand's extra-strong, 15-denier in a light natural shade "Toledo" nylons, 10s. 11d.



5



2





## LIGHTWEIGHT TARTAN

Tartan, once a heavyweight cloth woven on handlooms, has now become an all-the-year-round fabric. This suit, designed for summer wear by Deréa, is made of mixed woollen and Terylene worsted in either the Black Watch or Lindsay tartan. The price: 11 gns. at D. H. Evans, London, and Hendersons, Liverpool. Worn with it: a white cotton blouse (29s. 11d.), a white piqué hat (47s. 11d.), and a suede handbag (73s. 6d.)—all from D. H. Evans

CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK





John French





Left: A Persian Red coffee set by Rosenthal of Germany (£13 7s. 6d.); centre: a lead crystal suite of glasses by Lobmeyer of Vienna (vase £17 17s., two types of champagne glass £2 10s. each); right: Venetian



water jug (£2 15s.), fruit juice glass (12s.) and cocktail glass (10s. 9d.). These Continental designs and the ones below, are featured by Woollands of Knightsbridge in their "Focus on Europe" display

## SHOPPING

# From the Continent

by JEAN STEELE



Above: A hand-made chocolate set of bold simplicity from Vienna (£10 9s. 6d.). The linen cloth on which it stands is also from Woollands



Cast-iron casseroles from Denmark. The large one is shown on a stand (£3 17s. 6d., stand £2 0s. 6d.), the smaller one with a lifting handle (£3 11s. 6d.). The frying pan has a woven handle (£1 14s.)



From Denmark comes this tray (£6 19s. 6d., smaller size £4 4s. 6d.), holding a stainless-steel butter pan (£1 1s. 6d.), and cream set of sculptural shape (£1 14s. 3d.)

Dennis Smith

# Good company...

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Roy Round

A smoothly rounded hair-style evolved by Robert Fielding to top the trapezeline. It balances perfectly with the shorter skirts

#### BEAUTY

by JEAN CLELAND

## Lighter lipsticks

**A**FTER a dull May, when things in the world of beauty were a little quiet, June is compensating us with a riot of new products to brighten the looks and give them a sunny bloom.

Fresh shades in make-up are just what is needed to match the gaiety of summer frocks. Here for your interest are the names of several new ones specially designed to greet the summer days.

What could be more holiday-sounding than Yardley's "Calypso Pink," described as "the singing new colour." It is a lively shade just right for wearing with bright prints and cottons. From Helena Rubinstein comes a brilliant new colour—a real scorcher—called "Playing with Fire."

Revlon's have added a "Champagne Peach" to their new high-gloss "Lustrous" lipstick range. It is a soft golden pink, designed to go with a golden tan. To wear with it, Revlon's have a toning nail enamel called "Frosted Sugar Champagne." This combination, they say, makes for romance, and maybe they're right. It's worth trying. Lastly, a fresh youthful shade from Sans Egal called "Cherry Mist," a gay, vibrant pink, flattering to a summer tan.

Eyes with a sparkle are also important to sunny looks. It is essential to keep them free from summer dust, and I was pleased to learn from Optrex that their well-known eye compresses, hitherto packed in jars, are now available in a handy individual pack costing only 1s. This is an excellent idea which makes for great convenience, especially when travelling, as the envelope—made of tinfoil to ensure keeping the compresses fresh—can be easily stuffed into a handbag.

Also likely to prove a boon at the beginning or end of a hot day is the new Sparkling Pine bath cube just produced by Cussons. Its perfume, which is very invigorating, is made from a combination of Austrian and Siberian pine needles, and is considered, when used in the bath, to be relaxing and to have a good effect on tired nerves.

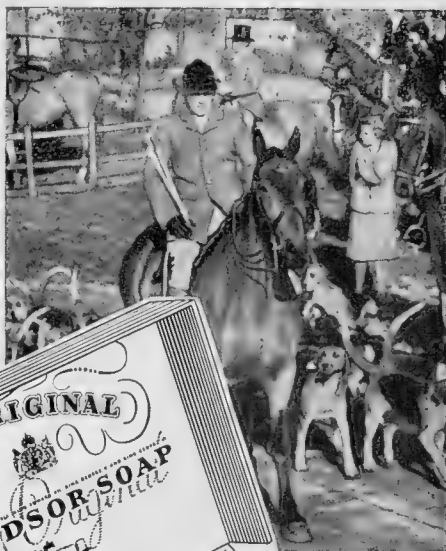
Those who have long enjoyed Elizabeth Arden's fascinating and subtle perfumes such as "Blue Grass" and "My Love" will no doubt be pleased to hear of her new French one called "450." The scent is that rare combination of spring freshness and sophistication which is as unusual as it is enchanting.

To complement Elizabeth Arden's "Pink Violet" make-up, of which I wrote a short time ago, Taylor-Woods have brought out a charming "Pink Violet" shade in their nylon stockings. The ones they showed me are of 75-gauge, and are of gossamer texture in the most delicate pink, exactly like the Arden make-up.

Talking of stockings, most of us know how easy it is to "catch" a thread when putting them on, and nothing could be more welcome than the new "Nylocare" nylon mittens, which serve several purposes. They can be used when putting stockings on, or for washing them, or as sleeping gloves at night. From the beauty angle alone, they are well worth noting. They are so soft and light as to be very comfortable, and are by no means unsightly.



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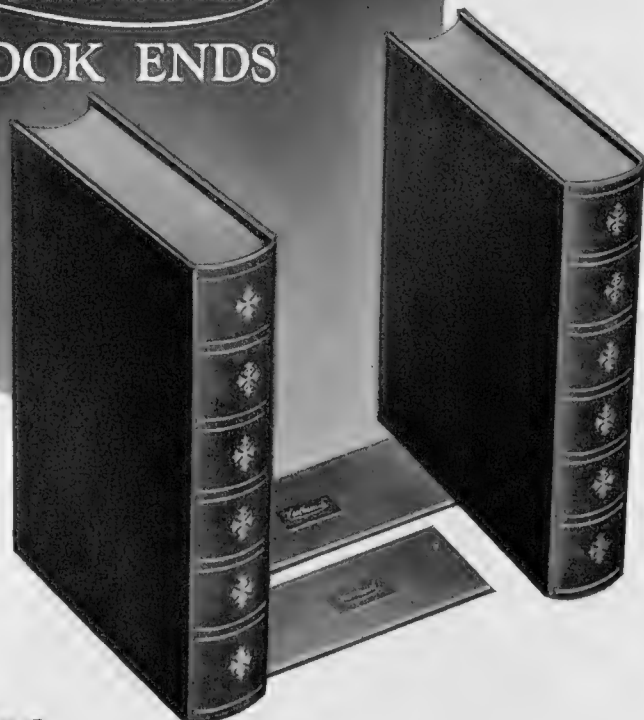


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The Graber Alvis and Herr Graber. The Swiss coachbuilder beside one of the handsome Alvis models for which his firm designed and constructed the body

## MOTORING

# A car goes to finishing school

by GORDON WILKINS

CARS, like people, often benefit from a period of residence abroad. They return with a sophistication and cosmopolitan assurance that enhances their personalities. The 3-litre Alvis is an excellent example. It has been with us some years now (at first with undistinguished bodywork of traditional style), but I did not realize what a good car it had become until I drove one of the low-built two/four-seater coupés which Herr Graber, the famous Swiss coachbuilder, has been turning out in small numbers during the past two or three years.

Like most Continental coachbuilders, Graber takes a broad view of his responsibilities. He does not consider the job completed when he has built a body and mounted it on the chassis; he tries to produce the best car possible. So in agreement with Alvis he has modified the engine (giving it bigger carburettors), stiffened the chassis and fitted the Koni adjustable shock-absorbers whose fame has rapidly spread from their native Holland to the rest of the motoring world. His bodies are low-built and graceful, obtaining their effect by clean simple lines and beautiful proportions rather than from trick mouldings or applied decoration. They are also practical, with roomy, comfortable seats, adequate headroom and capacious luggage trunks.

The coupé I tried recently in Switzerland had an attractive combination of contemporary virtues with a slightly vintage air. Light, accurate steering had just the right amount of road feel, and the suspension coped well with road bumps but permitted little roll on corners. The brakes worked

well at high speeds and the short, central gear-lever was a pleasure to use, though on this particular car, which had covered a fairly large mileage, the synchromesh was no longer effective. The getaway was surprising, with the six-cylinder engine spinning smoothly round to 5,000 r.p.m. in each gear, accompanied by a satisfying low growl from the exhaust. It went rushing up to nearly 80 m.p.h. in third, and when I snatched top the rev-counter needle swung round to 5,000 r.p.m. so quickly that I lifted my foot—but there was nothing wrong. The clutch was not slipping; we were then doing 105 m.p.h. on quite a short straight.

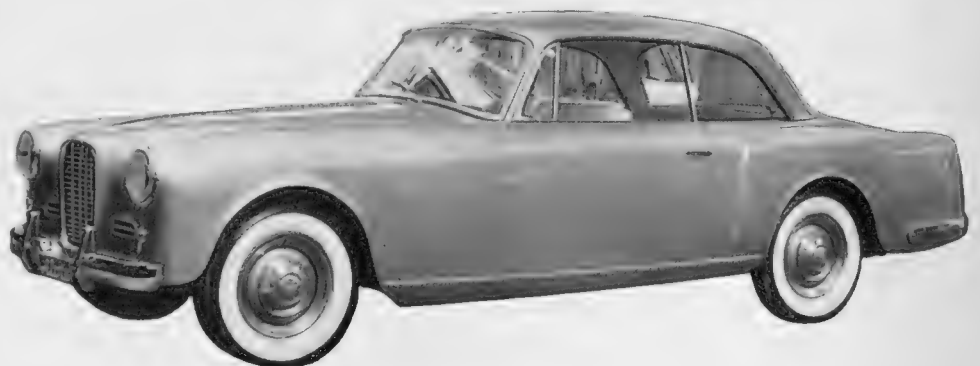
Graber is now building a still lower and lighter car with an engine expected to give 130 horsepower against the standard 100. It will have Italian Borrani wire wheels,

Michelin X tyres, and a higher axle ratio. I think this product of Anglo-Swiss collaboration is going to be one of Europe's outstanding fast touring cars.

In England, Alvis have been trying for two years to achieve production of a Graber-designed saloon with little success. But Park Ward have now agreed to build bodies for them. They feel the British market requires a full four-seater, so Graber has produced a modernized two-door saloon which is slightly higher than the coupés and will probably have the engine moved to give more leg-room in the rear. It should be ready for production by the time of the London Motor Show. If the hoped-for selling price (about £3,000 including tax) is achieved, there should be a big demand for it.

The habits of the British tourist abroad have been fully and critically examined in recent correspondence in *The Times*. One thing which is going to get us a bad name is the habit of leaving the car on a main road while stopping for a picnic. Coming round a blind corner on the Mont Cenis Pass I had to brake sharply to avoid head-on collision with an ascending car which had been forced on to the wrong side of the road by a party of British tourists standing round their car in the hot sun drinking their vile cups of steaming tea. Later the same day I witnessed another narrow escape from the same cause. Offenders will have only themselves to blame if the exasperated natives set to one day and heave their cars into the nearest ditch.

That was rather a strange statement by the Lord Chief Justice in quashing a driving licence suspension the other day. The defendant had pleaded guilty (by letter) to speeding, taking advantage of the Magistrates' Courts Act, 1957. He was fined, with three months' disqualification. The magistrates overlooked the proviso that where the court proposes to disqualify it must adjourn and give the defendant an opportunity to appear to show why he should not lose his licence. The Lord Chief Justice quashed the suspension but refused the defendant's application for costs. He remarked that he was getting off the disqualification and must be content to do that at his own expense. I believe that in fact the A.A. was fighting the appeal on behalf of all motorists, but that seems an odd principle just the same.



Prototype of a modified Graber Alvis for production in England. It has a higher roof and revised frontal appearance compared with the original in the top picture

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## DINING IN

# Make the most of tomatoes

by HELEN BURKE

**I**f there are any better-flavoured tomatoes than those grown in these islands, I have yet to find them. I once thought that the sun-ripened large tomatoes, grown at quite an altitude in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia, were the best I had ever tasted, until the perfectly shaped smaller English ones came my way.

I am told by "authorities" that we should now have plenty of them at very reasonable prices—round about 1s. a pound—because there is a very heavy crop.

Just now, peel (or not) really ripe tomatoes and slice them, not too thinly. Sprinkle them with olive oil, pepper and salt and chopped chives. (This is a last-minute operation.) Later I shall chop a few leaves of basil and use them instead of chives.

Or lay the sliced tomatoes on a foundation of thinly sliced Spanish-type onions and sprinkle them with chopped dill and celery-salt. Or have, first, a layer of sliced peeled cucumber which has rested for a little in sweet dill-vinegar and then been drained, with the sliced onion between the cucumber and the tomatoes. (Save the dill-vinegar for another day.)

Here are several suggestions for filling tomatoes: Cut a good slice off the stem-ends of 10 to 12 small English ones. Scoop out the pulp and press the juice from it through a sieve. Sprinkle the inside of the tomatoes with salt, leave for a few minutes then invert and drain them. Beat together up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cottage cheese, 1 oz. not-too-finely-chopped walnuts, 1 chopped green sweet-pepper (or  $\frac{1}{2}$  small tin of red sweet-peppers) and some of the tomato juice. Season and pile the mixture into the tomatoes. Chopped chives are a pleasant addition. Serve each one or two tomatoes on a crisp cup-shaped lettuce leaf.



For a crab-meat stuffing: Into a teacup of flaked crab meat, beat 1 to 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise, a drop or two of Worcestershire sauce, a teaspoon of finely chopped chives and, if the mixture will take it without becoming too moist, some of the tomato juice. Season with salt and freshly milled pepper. Heap into 10 to 12 tomatoes, emptied as above, and sprinkle with the sieved yolk of a hard-boiled egg.

Another delicious filling is diced peeled crisp cucumber and kernels of sweet corn, well moistened with mayonnaise. A suspicion of freshly chopped mint, blended into the mixture, is a "high light."

For a salmon and green mayonnaise filling, flake and mash (or purée in an electric emulsifier) 4 oz. fresh cooked or canned salmon. Add an equal amount of very thick mayonnaise, blended with a sieved tablespoon of cooked peas and a dessertspoon of finely chopped watercress. Season.

For a tuna filling, pulp a small tin as above. Gradually beat into it an equal quantity (or more) of thick mayonnaise and season to taste. Pipe into the tomato shells and sprinkle a little paprika on top of each.

Patna rice salad is a more "usual" filling for tomatoes, but none the less delicious. Boil the rice as for curry. Add as much cooked peas, diced raw cucumber, chopped parsley and chives as required. Moisten with a dressing made in the following proportions: 4 table-spoons olive oil, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon tomato juice and pepper and salt to taste. If there happens to be some cold chicken, ham or veal, chop a little of it, dress it with oil and vinegar and a little French mustard and turn it into the rice mixture.

All the above dishes have a two-fold purpose: they can be served as *hors d'œuvres* or, with other green salads, as side dishes with cold meats. Or, if the tomatoes are large, they can be used as a main light luncheon dish.



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Mr. S. H. J. Bates (left), chairman of Kensington Palace Hotel, presents a Turkish chef at the International Gastronomic dinner with a souvenir. Watching is the Duke of Bedford (right)

## DINING OUT

# International gastronomics

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

TO DESCRIBE the Dejeuner Gastronomique International at the Kensington Palace Hotel as quite an affair would be an understatement. *International* was certainly the operative word.

There were seven courses with a *Sorbet au Citron*, which was excellent, served after the first four, prepared by seven chefs of different nationalities, six of whom were flown over from the Brussels Fair in full regalia. The maître chef of the hotel, F. Heller, who is Swiss, was in command, and he kept everybody in a state of contentment in what must have been the kitchen of the Tower of Babel.

To prepare the *Hors d'Oeuvre Turc* we had a Turkish chef, Sokrat Lagos, from Ankara; the *Clam Chowder* was produced by Alec Pimienta, who was born in Italy, but who has spent over 30 years in New York. With these two courses we had champagne, Perrier Jouet 1949.

Course No. 3 was a Hungarian fish from Lake Balaton prepared by Chef J. Rakoczi from Budapest—a delicate but, I thought, rather tasteless fish, saved by the quality of a sauce called *Csik* served with it. Here we had an Alsatian wine, Schlumberger, Sylvaner, 1955.

Nothing daunted, we then moved off to Spain for a *Paella Valenciana de Poulet* prepared by Chef Pedro Sureda Salamia who hails from Valencia, the home of Paellas, and went to Anjou for our wine, a Rosé Cabernet.

After this we relaxed with the *Sorbet* and a Russian cigarette.

We started up again with what I suppose was the main course: *Filet de Boeuf Vieux Bruxelles accompagné par les Pointes d'Asperges et les Pommes Parisienne* produced by Chef George Close, maître chef of the recently opened luxury hotel in Brussels, the Amigo, and an old hand at international gastronomic competitions. This also was accompanied by a delicious sauce. I got the chef to write out the recipe for me, but as I cannot understand it I will pass it on to Helen Burke, who I hope will tell us exactly how to make it.

This stage of the proceedings was honoured by a Château Cheval Blanc 1949.

So on to some fine cheese from England, Stilton and Double Gloucester, on the menu as *Fromages de la Grande Bretagne*, with a Chambolle Musigny, Louis Jadot 1947.

Finally to a *Soufflé Atelier avec les Petits Fours* prepared by Chef G. Mohrke from Cologne, with which we had a Château d'Yquem 1948, followed by café and a Cognac, Delamain (35 years old).

The 60 or so guests themselves could also well be described as international and of vast variety. Among them were the Ambassadors of Belgium and Turkey, the Duke of Bedford, the Mayor of Kensington, Andre Simon, who was sitting opposite an old friend of his, Nubar Gulbenkian, Henry Sherek, Peter Finch, Sir Graham Cunningham, K.B.E., Sir Brian Mountain, and Herr D. W. von Keller.

The guest of honour was M. Eugene Flagey, gastronomic adviser-in-chief to the Brussels Fair, and others included the Hon. Edwin M. Martin, Minister of Economic Affairs at the American Embassy, and Sir William Steward, M.P., chairman of the catering committee of the House of Commons. Egon Ronay heartily deserved the congratulations he received for organizing the affair. He chose the chefs, co-ordinated the menu and selected the wines.



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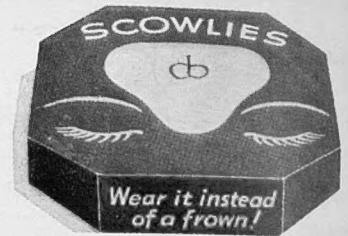
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